POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

SPAIN &c.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

REFERENCE LIBRARY OF
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
2 PARK STREET, BOSTON

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE SHELVES
EXCEPT BY PERMISSION OF
THE LIBRARIAN

REFERENCE LIBRARY * HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. * BOSTON, MA.

Archive
Collection

This book may not leave the Offices
and if borrowed must be returned within 7 days

POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries.

CRABBE.

SPAIN

VOL. II.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

Copyright, 1877.
By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
TAGUS (TAJO), THE RIVER.		
The Flood of the Tagus	*L. de Góngora*	1
The Prophecy of Tagus	*L. Ponce de Leon*	3
TALAVERA.		
Talavera	*Lord Byron*	7
Talavera	*R. Southey*	9
TOLEDO.		
Toledo	*H. C. Andersen*	11
The Cathedral	*J. Zorrilla*	12
Toledo	"	16
Toledo	*Sir Walter Scott*	19
TORDESILLAS.		
For a Monument at Tordesillas	*R. Southey*	20
TORO.		
To Luis de Ulloa	*L. de Góngora*	20
TRAFALGAR.		
Trafalgar	*E. Elliott*	21
Trafalgar	*W. C. Bennett*	24
The Death of Nelson	*L. J. Arnold*	28
TROCADERO.		
Stanzas to the Memory of Spanish Patriots	*T. Campbell*	30
TRUJILLO.		
For a Column at Trujillo	*R. Southey*	32
VALENCIA.		
The Cid's Death-Bed	*F. Hemans*	32
The Cid's Funeral Procession	"	35
Valencia	*From the French*	39

VALLADOLID.
VALLADOLID . . . . . *Spanish Ballad* . . 40
VALLADOLID . . . . . *L. de Góngora* . . . 42
BULL-FIGHT AT VALLADOLID . . . . . " . . . 42
THE POET'S TROUBLES AT VALLADOLID . " . . . 43
HOW IT STRIKES A CONTEMPORARY . . . *R. Browning* . . . 43

VALVERDE.
TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WILLIAM MYERS . *R. Southey* 45

VITORIA.
THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA . . . . . *W. Glen* 46

XEREZ.
THE POUNDER . . . . . *Spanish Ballad* . . 48
ROMANCE . . . . . *From the Spanish* . 50

ZAMORA.
THE CHALLENGE . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* . . 52

PORTUGAL.

INTRODUCTORY.
PORTUGAL . . . . . *Lord Byron* 57
LUSITANIA . . . . . *L. de Camoens* . . . 57
THE COMPLAINT OF CAMOENS . . . . " . . . 59

ALCOBAÇA.
GONZALO HERMIGUEZ . . . . . *R. Southey* 61

ALEMTEJO.
WRITTEN IN ALEMTEJO . . . . . " 63

ALJUBARROTA.
THE LORD OF BUTRAGO . . . . . *Spanish Ballad* . . 65

ARRABIDA, THE MOUNTAIN.
ARRABIDA . . . . . *F. A. da Cruz* . . . 67
WRITTEN AFTER VISITING THE CONVENT OF ARRABIDA, NEAR SETUBAL . . . . . *R. Southey* 68
THE ARRABIDA CONVENT . . . . . *F. Manuel* 70

BUSACO.
INSCRIPTION FOR THE DESERTO DE BUSACO *R. Southey* 70

CINTRA.
CINTRA . . . . . *Lord Byron* 72
INSCRIPTION FOR THE CELL OF HONORIUS, AT THE CORK CONVENT, NEAR CINTRA . . *R. Southey* 74
CINTRA . . . . . *W. Gibson* 75

COIMBRA.

QUEEN ORRACA AND THE FIVE MARTYRS OF MOROCCO . . . . . *R. Southey* . . . 82
IGNEZ DE CASTRO . . . . . *L. de Camoens* . . 89
THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO . . *F. Hemans* . . . 95
COIMBRA . . . . . *L. de Camoens* . . 99

DOURO, THE RIVER.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE BANKS OF THE DOURO *R. Southey* . . . 101

LIMA, THE RIVER.

THE RIVER LIMA . . . . . *D. Bernardes* . . . 102

LISBON (LISBOA).

LISBON . . . . . *L. de Camoens* . . 103
THE DEPARTURE OF KING SEBASTIAN . . *Spanish Ballad* . . 104
THE BRIDGE OF ALCANTARA . . . . . *W. J. Mickle* . . . 106
THE EARTHQUAKE OF LISBON, 1755 . . *O. W. Holmes* . . . 107

MONDEGO, THE RIVER.

MONDEGO . . . . . *L. de Camoens* . . 109
MONDEGO . . . . . *F. R. Lobo* . . . 109
MONDEGO . . . . . *A. Ferreira* . . . 110
MONDEGO . . . . . *L. de Camoens* . . 111

ROLIÇA.

INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT AT ROLISSA *R. Southey* . . . 112

SANTAREM.

AT SANTAREM . . . . . " . . . 113
ELEGY WRITTEN IN BANISHMENT AT SANTAREM *L. de Camoens* . . 114

TAGUS (TEJO), THE RIVER.

THE RIVER TAGUS . . . . . " . . 117
CAMOENS . . . . . *W. L. Bowles* . . . 118
THE LAST SONG OF CAMOENS . . . . . " . . . 119
THE TAGUS . . . . . *F. R. Lobo* . . . 120
THE TAGUS . . . . . *B. M. C. Semedo* . 121

TORRES VEDRAS.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE LINES OF TORRES VEDRAS *R. Southey* . . . 122

VIMEIRO.

INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT AT VIMEIRO " 124

BELGIUM.

INTRODUCTORY.

BELGIUM . . . . . *E. Spenser* . . . 127
THE STORKS . . . . . *J. Thomson* . . . 128
MALBROUCK . . . . . *From the French* . 129

ANTWERP.

Antwerp	*E. Spenser*	131
Antwerp Cathedral	*H. Alford*	132
The Carillon of Antwerp Cathedral	*Anonymous*	133
The Antwerp Image-Breakers	*W. Thornbury*	135
Antwerp	*E. G. Barber*	137

BRUGES.

The Frolicksome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune	*Percy's Reliques*	140
Bruges	*W. Wordsworth*	143
Incident at Bruges	"	144
Bruges	*R. Southey*	146
Carillon	*H. W. Longfellow*	147
The Belfry of Bruges	"	150
The Nuptials of Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy	*G. von Auersperg*	153
The Heron Chase	"	155
The Guilds	"	157

BRUSSELS.

Waterloo	*Lord Byron*	161
Brussels	*R. Southey*	164
Brussels	*H. Alford*	164

FONTENOY.

Battle of Fontenoy, 1745	*T. Davis*	165

FRANCHIMONT.

Franchimont	*Sir Walter Scott*	167

GHENT.

Mary Ambree	*Percy's Reliques*	169
The Emperor's Glove	*Anonymous*	171
Ghent	*R. Southey*	172
How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix	*R. Browning*	173
The Platform of St. Nicholas' Church	*H. Taylor*	176
A Tomb in Ghent	*A. A. Procter*	176
The Great Bell Roland	*T. Tilton*	186

LANDEN.

How Sarsfield died in Glory	*R. D. Joyce*	189

LIGNY.

Ligny	*R. Southey*	192

MEUSE, THE RIVER.

Between Namur and Liége	*W. Wordsworth*	193

NAMUR.
On the Taking of Namur . . . . . *N. Boileau* . . . 193

OSTEND.
On Landing at Ostend . . . . . *W. L. Bowles* . . . 197
The Bells of Ostend . . . . . " . . . 198

OUDENARDE (AUDENARDE).
Jack Frenchman's Lamentation . . . *J. Swift* 199

QUATRE BRAS.
Lines written on the Field of Quatre Bras, 1821 . . . . . *Anonymous* . . . 202

WATERLOO.
Waterloo . . . . . *From the French* . 204
The Field of Waterloo . . . . . *Sir Walter Scott* . . 208
The Dance of Death . . . . . " . . 212
The Field of Battle . . . . . *R. Southey* 214
On the Drawing of the Elm-Tree . . *G. Crabbe* 215
Song . . . . . *T. Campbell* . . . 216
Battle of Waterloo . . . . . *J.-F.-C. Delavigne* . 217
Verses on the Day of Waterloo . . *P. J. de Béranger* . 221
Waterloo . . . . . *H. Alford* 222

YPRES.
The Statue in the Market-Place . . *W. Thornbury* . . 223

HOLLAND.

INTRODUCTORY.
Holland . . . . . *J. Thomson* . . . 231
Holland . . . . . " . . . 231
Holland . . . . . *O. Goldsmith* . . . 232
Holland . . . . . *Bishop Huet* . . . 232
Love in Winter. . . . . *R. Buchanan* . . . 234
Holland in the Olden Time . . . . *J. van den Vondel* . 240
The Leak in the Dike . . . . . *P. Cary* 244

AMSTERDAM.
To the Directors of Amsterdam . . *C. Huijgens* . . . 249
The Burgomaster . . . . . *Anonymous* . . . 250

DELFT.
Hugo de Groot . . . . . *G. Brandt* 256

DORT (DORTRECHT).
A Dutch Picture . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* . 256

HOORN.
The Ships of Hoorn . . . . . *J. van den Vondel* . 258

LEYDEN.
ROBINSON AT LEYDEN . . . . . *O. W. Holmes* . . 259
ROTTERDAM.
TO ——. . . . . *T. Hood* 261
THE GUEUX NIGHT-WATCH . . . . . *F. Freiligrath* . . 263
STAVOREN.
THE LADY RIBERTA'S HARVEST . . . . *M. J. Preston* . . 267
SCHEVENINGEN.
THE VILLAGE OF SCHEVENINGEN. . . . *C. Swain* 272
ZUTPHEN.
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY . . . . . *C. F. Bates* . . . 273

SPAIN.

Tagus (Tajo), the River.

THE FLOOD OF THE TAGUS.

A WORD with thee, grand Tagus;—
Say why, in wrath and pride,
Thy stream rolls down, to plague us,
This deluge wild and wide?

What moves thy spleen at princes?
Thy work is with the clown,
Watering his groves of quinces
By old Toledo town.

Thy boast is in the wonder
Of Rome's imperial sway,
Where flow thy deep waves under
That high o'erarching way,

Where might in age reposes,
By Spaniards noised as far

As trumpet-sounds of noses
  In winter's hoarse catarrh.

Long live that strength and beauty,
  By poets vaunted higher
Than chimes in Sunday duty
  Rung out from belfry spire.

For thee the vocal Muses
  More hue and cry have made
Than market-beadle uses
  For cattle stolen or strayed.

By Nature thou art gifted,
  They say, with sands of gold:
But let those sands be sifted,
  And truth may then be told.

They call thee sacred river:
  I grant the reason why,
Because thy course is ever
  In Spain's Archbishop's eye.

But from hard Cuenca's mountain
  Thy rills first rise to day,
From dribbling stony fountain
  Forth trickling as they may.

And year by year, in guerdon
  Of thy young sins, a load
Of pines, a growing burden,
  Weighs down thy shoulders broad.

Remembering this, be modest;
For 't is a monstrous thing,
When wastefully thou floodest
The gardens of Spain's King.

So may men's eyes with wonder
Gaze, where thy waters fall
With arrowy speed, whose thunder
Shakes rock and castle wall;

Or where in peace delaying
They spread like lakes at rest,
And snow-white swans are playing
Upon thy tranquil breast;

Or where in highland forest
The dun deer drink thy spray,
Where thou thy rills outpourest
As wild and free as they.

Luis de Góngora. Tr. E. Churton.

THE PROPHECY OF TAGUS.

AS by Tagus' billowy bed
King Rodrigo, safe from sight,
With the Lady Cava fed
On the fruit of loose delight,
From the river's placid breast
Slow its ancient Genius broke;
Of the scrolls of Fate possessed,
Thus the frowning prophet spoke:

"In an evil hour dost thou,
Ruthless spoiler, wanton here!
Shouts and clangors even now,
Even now assail mine ear;
Shout, and sound of clashing shield,
Shivered sword and rushing car, —
All the frenzy of the field!
All the anarchy of war!

"O, what wail and weeping spring
Forth from this thine hour of mirth,
From yon fair and smiling thing
Who in evil day had birth!
In an evil day for Spain
Plighted is your guilty troth!
Fatal triumph! costly gain
To the sceptre of the Goth!

"Flames and furies, griefs and broils,
Slaughter, ravage, fierce alarms,
Anguish and immortal toils,
Thou dost gather to thine arms, —
For thyself and vassals, — those
Who the fertile furrow break,
Where the stately Ebro flows,
Who their thirst in Douro slake!

"For the throne, the hall, the bower,
Murcian lord and Lusian swain,
For the chivalry and flower
Of all sad and spacious Spain!

Prompt for vengeance, not for fame,
Even now from Cadiz' halls,
On the Moor, in Allah's name,
Hoarse the Count, — the Injured calls.

"Hark, how frightfully forlorn
Sounds his trumpet to the stars,
Citing Afric's desert-born
To the gonfalon of Mars!
Lo, already loose in air
Floats the standard, peals the gong;
They shall not be slow to dare
Roderick's wrath for Julian's wrong.

"See, their spears the Arabs shake,
Smite the wind, and war demand;
Millions in a moment wake,
Join, and swarm o'er all the sand:
Underneath their sails the sea
Disappears, a hubbub runs
Through the sphere of heaven alee,
Clouds of dust obscure the sun's.

"Swift their mighty ships they climb,
Cut the cables, slip from shore;
How their sturdy arms keep time
To the dashing of the oar!
Bright the frothy billows burn
Round their cleaving keels, and gales
Breathed by Eolus astern,
Fill their deep and daring sails.

"Sheer across Alcides' strait
He whose voice the floods obey,
With the trident of his state,
Gives the grand Armada way.—
In her sweet, subduing arms,
Sinner! dost thou slumber still,
Dull and deaf to the alarms
Of this loud inrushing ill?

"In the hallowed Gadite bay
Mark them mooring from the main;
Rise, take horse, away! away!
Scale the mountain, scour the plain!
Give not pity to thy hand,
Give not pardon to thy spur,
Dart abroad thy flashing brand,
Bare thy fatal cimeter!

"Agony of toil and sweat
The sole recompense must be
Of each horse and horseman yet,
Plumeless serf and plumed grandee.
Sullied is thy silver flow,
Stream of proud Sevilla, weep!
Many a broken helm shalt thou
Hurry to the bordering deep.

"Many a turban and tiar,
Moor and Noble's slaughtered corse,
Whilst the Furies of the war
Gore your ranks with equal loss!

Five days you dispute the field;
When 't is sunrise on the plains, —
O loved land! thy doom is sealed,
Madden, madden in thy chains!"

Luis Ponce de Leon. Tr. J. H. Wiffen.

Talavera.

TALAVERA.

AWAKE, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries;
But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:
Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
And speaks in thunder through yon engine's roar!
In every peal she calls, "Awake! arise!"
Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves? — the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high: from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon!
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
Flashing afar, — and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
Their rival scarfs of mixed embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air!
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
All join the chase, but few the triumph share:
The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies:
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Are met — as if at home they could not die —
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

There shall they rot, — Ambition's honored fools!
Yes, honor decks the turf that wraps their clay!

Vain Sophistry! in these behold the tools,
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
With human hearts — to what? — a dream alone.
Can despots compass aught that hails their sway?
Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone?

Lord Byron.

TALAVERA.

FOR THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

YON wide-extended town, whose roofs and towers
And poplar avenues are seen far off,
In goodly prospect over scattered woods
Of dusky ilex, boasts among its sons
Of Mariana's name, — he who hath made
The splendid story of his country's wars
Through all the European kingdoms known.
Yet in his ample annals thou canst find
No braver battle chronicled than here
Was waged, when Joseph, of the stolen crown,
Against the hosts of England and of Spain
His veteran armies brought. By veteran chiefs
Captained, a formidable force they came,
Full fifty thousand. Victor led them on,
A man grown gray in arms, nor e'er in aught
Dishonored, till by this opprobrious cause.
He, over rude Alverche's summer stream
Winning his way, made first upon the right
His hot attack, where Spain's raw levies, ranged

In double line, had taken their strong stand
In yonder broken ground, by olive-groves
Covered, and flanked by Tagus. Soon from thence,
As one whose practised eye could apprehend
All vantages in war, his troops he drew;
And on this hill, the battle's vital point,
Bore with collected power, outnumbering
The British ranks twice told. Such fearful odds
Were balanced by Sir Arthur's master mind
And by the British heart. Twice during night
The fatal spot they stormed, and twice fell back,
Before the bayonet driven. Again at morn
They made their fiery onset, and, again
Repelled, again at noon renewed the strife.
Yet was their desperate perseverance vain,
Where skill by equal skill was countervailed,
And numbers by superior courage foiled;
And, when the second night drew over them
Its sheltering cope, in darkness they retired,
At all points beaten. Long in the red page
Of war shall Talavera's famous name
Stand forth conspicuous. While that name endures,
Bear in thy soul, O Spain! the memory
Of all thou sufferedst from perfidious France,
Of all that England in thy cause achieved.

Robert Southey.

Toledo.

TOLEDO.

THOU chivalrous Toledo, — hail!
Thou quaint old town of bygone days;
Where the Moorish sword-blades shone,
Which all the world had learned to praise.

Here naught but solitude now reigns:
Decayed — deserted — silent all!
While Alcazar's windows and doors
From their old rusty hinges fall.

A lordly castle once, is now
A common inn, in vulgar hands,
Yet still the ancient coat of arms
Over the open portal stands.

These naked, gray-green, gloomy rocks
That from the banks of Tagus rise,
They know the buoyant, stirring past,
Where now but desolation lies.

Where once Mohammed's name was pealed,
And to Jehovah hymns were sung,
The locomotive's noise alone
Is heard these solitudes among.

It passes, — all is still again!
Still as where death its dark shade flings;
But gayly smiles the lovely vine
That round the ancient gateway clings.

And here, behind that latticed window
A lovely face looked down on me;
Its beauteous coal-black, speaking eyes,
In fancy oft again I 'll see!

Hans Christian Andersen. Tr. Anon.

THE CATHEDRAL.

I.

THIS massive form, sculptured in mountain stones,
As it once issued from the earth profound,
Monstrous in stature, manifold in tones
Of incense, light, and music spread around;

This an unquiet people still doth throng,
With pious steps, and heads bent down in fear, —
Yet not so noble as through ages long
Is old Toledo's sanctuary austere.

Glorious in other days, it stands alone,
Mourning the worship of more Christian years,
Like to a fallen queen, her empire gone,
Wearing a crown of miseries and tears.

Or like a mother, hiding griefs unseen,
She calls her children to her festivals,
And triumphs still, — despairing, yet serene, —
With swelling organs and with pealing bells.

* * *

II.

Looking with sombre brow
On the stream flowing by,
It scorns the world below,
And mourns, through bells tolled low,
From tower high.

It seems to breathe deep sighs,
Breaking a spell borne long, —
To gaze towards the skies,
And speak life's destinies
With bells, — its tongue.

Then comes, in peals outbreaking,
Gigantic harmony,
The church, its slumbers shaking,
In joyous life awaking,
Shouts glad and free.

* * *

The tones are changing, — hark!
Their strain is one of prayer
For lives in passion dark,
As sympathy to mark
With doubt and care.

But lighter through the air
Are clamorous sounds of mirth,
Ringing through heavens fair,
As they the heralds were
Of joy to earth.

* * *

III.

In tumult all is lost, —
  Then sweeps a deeper gloom, —
With shades, in phantom host,
One moment seen, — then tossed
  Back to their tomb.

* * *

The sun of morning shines
  Through windows jewelled bright,
With the dim lamps its rays combines,
And brings a promise to the shrines
  Of heavenly light.

It crowns the column tall
  With brilliant wreath,
Then streams upon the wall,
Driving dark shades from all
  The aisles beneath.

In the Cathedral hoary,
  So comes, with every morning,
Such light, an offering holy
To the Great God of Glory,
  His house adorning.

* * *

IV.

Through the long nave is heard the measured tread
  Of the old priest, who early matins keeps,

His sacred robe, in rustling folds outspread,
Over the echoing pavement sweeps, —

A sound awaking, like a trembling breath
Of earnest yet unconscious prayer,
Uprising from thick sepulchres beneath,
A voice from Christian sleepers there.

Upon the altars burns the holy fire,
The censers swing on grating chains of gold,
And from the farther depths of the dark choir
Chants in sublimest echoings are rolled.

The people come in crowds, and, bending lowly,
Thank their Great Maker for his mercies given;
Then raise their brows, flushed with emotion holy, —
About them beams the light of opening heaven.

The priest repeats full many a solemn word,
Made sacred to devotion through all time;
The people kneel again, as each is heard,
Each cometh fraught with memories sublime.

The organ, from its golden trumpets blowing,
Swells with their robust voices through the aisles,
As from a mountain-fall wild waters flowing,
Roll in sonorous waves and rippling smiles.

José Zorrilla. Tr. S. Eliot.

TOLEDO.

I.

RUINED and black, deserted and forgot,
Half sunk mid sands around her gathering fast,
Toledo lies, — a world-abandoned spot,
Smote by the storm-wind, shattered by the blast.
Now in the mantle that her dead kings wore
Scant clad, her wasting brow to sight revealed,
A slave that arms and laws can boast no more,
She slumbering rests beside her ancient shield.

What hath she left her now? — an empty name,
A parody wherewith her shame to hide,
Wherefrom may men divine her former fame;
Toledo! Once a queen in wealth and pride,
What hath she left? — a temple, bridges twain,
An old Alcazar that doth frown on high,
Where wrecks and scutcheons of the past remain, —
Beneath, inert, her soulless people lie.

At times above the dark and louring night
Of that vast heap of dust and memories
Amid the shadows streams a pallid light,
And sweetest music floats upon the breeze,
Above the moan of winds, the voice of prayer,
Then loudly sounds the organ's rolling tone;
An hour hath passed, — then what remaineth there?
A cross, an altar, a sepulchral stone.

There, when the moonlight steals with tardy beam,
Through painted panes of gorgeous blazonry,
Scarce can it see the small lamp's feeble gleam
That by the altar glimmers soon to die.
Through opened window peeping, that dim ray
Shows that some being suffers, watches, weeps,
While a dull race that knows not yesterday,
Nor heeds to-morrow, in supineness sleeps.

II.

And as the moon in silent flight
The dark blue skies moves nightly o'er,
She whitens with her silver light
The spoils of myriads now no more:
Those pages, without date or name,
The ciphers of an age unknown,
Wrought by man's hand to be the shame
Of man, in feebler ages shown.
That vast cathedral, — sacred pile!
Whose capitals and columns gray,
Whose fretted vault and pillared aisle,
Whose painted windows' rich display,
Whose cloisters, solemn, dim, and old
(Where silence reigns so deep and dread),
Need for their pavement but the cold
Sepulchral stones that hide the dead.
And o'er those stones the living sing
In loud-voiced choir their hymns to heaven;
And with the golden censer's swing
The hallowed myrrh's sweet breath is given.

At midnight hour, mid storm and rain,
There sounds mysterious harmony;
A deep-toned, sad, and awful strain,
That pleads for one about to die, —
The *Miserere*, — solemn sound!
It fills the dome; and on the air
Forth bursting, unto all around
Tells that Religion's voice is there.
Then the loud peal of tolling bell,
That emulates the psalmody,
O'erpowers the dying music's knell
With chime of hour that 's fleeted by.

III.

Sleep, then, sleep, Toledo! by the turbid river
That with hollow murmurs past thy feet doth glide!
While its yellow current wastes and wears forever
The walls that cast their shadows inglorious o'er the tide.
Ah! for thee ashamed, thy stain the river weepeth;
Mourning thy lost treasures, thy pride, thy beauty fled;
But telleth not the nations (its pity silence keepeth),
That all thy crests and blazons are buried in its bed.
Sleep, then, sleep, Toledo, mid the mimicked glory
Of thy once wealthy masters in their palmy day:
Thy treasures all have vanished, existing but in story;
Thy golden crown lies hidden deep in the sordid clay.

* * *

José Zorrilla. Tr. M. E. M.

TOLEDO.

REARING their crests amid the cloudless skies,
And darkly clustering in the pale moonlight,
Toledo's holy towers and spires arise,
As from a trembling lake of silver white.
Their mingled shadows intercept the sight
Of the broad burial-ground outstretched below,
And naught disturbs the silence of the night;
All sleeps in sullen shade or silver glow,
All save the heavy swell of Teio's ceaseless flow.

All save the rushing swell of Teio's tide,
Or distant heard a courser's neigh or tramp,
Their changing rounds as watchful horsemen ride,
To guard the limits of King Roderick's camp.
For through the river's night-fog rolling damp
Was many a proud pavilion dimly seen,
Which glimmered back, against the moon's fair lamp,
Tissues of silk and silver-twisted sheen,
And standards proudly pitched, and warders armed between.

Sir Walter Scott.

Tordesillas.

FOR A MONUMENT AT TORDESILLAS.

SPANIARD! if thou art one who bows the knee,
Before a despot's footstool, hie thee hence!
This ground is holy: here Padilla died,
Martyr of Freedom. But if thou dost love
Her cause, stand then as at an altar here,
And thank the Almighty that thine honest heart,
Full of a brother's feelings for mankind,
Revolts against oppression. Not unheard
Nor unavailing shall the grateful prayer
Ascend; for honest impulses will rise,
Such as may elevate and strengthen thee
For virtuous action. Relics silver-shrined,
And chanted mass, would wake within the soul
Thoughts valueless and cold compared with these.

Robert Southey.

Toro.

TO LUIS DE ULLOA.

HIGH on the front of Spain's embattled brow,
With generous splendor, not vain glory, crowned,
Fairest of seats which Douro's waters bound,
Stands Toro; and fair Toro's boast art thou:

Why roam thy steps in other regions now,
Love's pilgrim? Vain is flight from arrow's wound,
Barbed with hard steel from mountain caves profound,
And tempered in the fountain's icy flow.
As vainly stricken deer his hurt might hide,
Pierced by the envenomed shaft. A braver part
Be thine: at Beauty's feet lay down thy pride.
Flight from fair nymph may suit the fearful hart:
The gentle spirit hastes, where Love will guide,
To kiss the hand that points the unerring dart.

Luis de Góngora. Tr. E. Churton.

Trafalgar.

TRAFALGAR.

ABOVE the howl of ocean
And frowning Trafalgar,
From bursting clouds, went forth the voice
Of elemental war;

And, louder than the tempest,
From man, the insect, came,
Beneath the frown of Trafalgar,
His deadly voice of flame.

But, ere it rent the blackness
Which God's stern brow cast wide,
"Now, victory or Westminster!"
Said Nelson, in his pride.

"My comrades, do your duty!
Or what will England say?"
"They shall!" cried accents from the deep,
Where dead men weltering lay.

Red horror tore the tempest;
Down stooped both sea and sky;
And, like a flood on Collingwood,
The clouds rushed from on high.

Life pledged for life, armed thousands
Joined then in horrid strife.
O Life, thou art an awful thing! —
For what is God but Life?

Shouts, groans, and man's dread thunder,
Made up one dismal cry:
The affrighted storm asked what it meant,
And Death made no reply.

But on the grave of thousands
A silent spirit trod;
He clasped them in the embrace of Death, —
And what is Death but God?

He cared not for their glory,
He asked not of their cause;
While, right or wrong, the weak and strong
Obeyed alike his laws.

One tyrant lost his war-ships;
Worse tyrants summed their gains;

And toil-worn nations sang and danced
(As maniacs dance) in chains!

How like an empty bubble
The turmoil passed away!
"Where are the weak?" said sun and cloud;
"The mighty! — where are they?"

And birds of light and calmness —
Where dolphins gambolled free,
And heroes in their glory lay —
Flew over the smooth sea.

And, from his throne of silence,
The God of Peace looked down,
Though sternly, on their bed of death,
With pity in his frown.

For Spaniard, Frank, and Briton,
All peaceful in one grave,
Like babies in their nurses' arms,
Slept under the green wave.

Image of God! through horrors
"That make the angels weep,"
Why seek the gift that comes unsought, —
His boon of dreadful sleep?

Ebenezer Elliott.

TRAFALGAR.

NORTHWEST the wind was blowing
Our good ships running free;
Seven leagues lay Cape Trafalgar
Away upon our lee;
'T was then, as broke the morning,
The Frenchmen we descried,
East away, there they lay,
That day that Nelson died.

That was a sight to see, boys,
On which that morning shone!
We counted three-and-thirty,
Mounseer and stately Don;
And plain their great three-deckers
Amongst them we descried, —
"Safe," we said, "for Spithead,"
That day that Nelson died.

Then Nelson spoke to Hardy,
Upon his face the smile,
The very look he wore when
We beat them at the Nile!
"We must have twenty, Hardy,"
'T was thus the hero cried;
And we had twenty, lad,
That day that Nelson died.

Up went his latest signal;
Ay, well, my boys, he knew

That not a man among us
But would his duty do!
And as the signal flew, boys,
With shouts each crew replied;
How we cheered as we neared
The foe, when Nelson died!

We led the weather column,
But Collingwood, ahead,
A mile from all, the lee line
Right through the Frenchmen led;
"And what would Nelson give to
Be here with us!" he cried,
As he bore through their roar
That day that Nelson died.

Well, on the "Victory" stood, boys,
With every sail full spread;
And as we neared them slowly
There was but little said.
There were thoughts of home amongst us,
And as their line we eyed,
Here and there, perhaps, a prayer,
That day that Nelson died.

A gun, — the "Bucentaure" first
Began with us the game;
Another, — then their broadsides
From all sides through us came;
With men fast falling round us,
While not a gun replied,

With sails rent, on we went,
That day that Nelson died.

"Steer for their admiral's flag, boys!"
But where it flew none knew;
"Then make for that four-decker,"
Said Nelson, "men, she'll do!"
So, at their "Trinidada,"
To get we straightway tried,
As we broke through their smoke,
That day that Nelson died.

'T was where they clustered thickest
That through their line we broke,
And to their "Bucentaure" first
Our thundering broadside spoke.
We shaved her; — as our shot, boys,
Crashed through her shattered side;
She could feel how to heel
That day that Nelson died.

Into the Dons' four-decker
Our larboard broadsides pour,
Though all we well could spare her
Went to the "Bucentaure."
Locked to another Frenchman,
Our starboard fire we plied,
Gun to gun till we won,
That day that Nelson died.

"Redoubtable" they call her, —
A curse upon her name!

'T was from her tops the bullet
That killed our hero came.
As from the deck, with Hardy,
The bloody fight he eyed,
And could hear cheer on cheer,
As they struck, that day he died.

"They 've done for me at last, friend!"
'T was thus they heard him say,
"But I die as I would die, boys,
Upon this glorious day;
I 've done my duty, Hardy,"
He cried, and still he cried, —
As below, sad and slow,
We bore him as he died.

On wounded and on dying
The cockpit's lamp shone dim;
But many a groan we heard, lads,
Less for themselves than him:
And many a one among them
Had given, and scarcely sighed,
A limb to save him
Who there in glory died.

As slowly life ebbed from him,
His thoughts were still the same;
"How many have we now, boys?"
Still faint and fainter came.
As ship on ship struck to us,
His glazing eyes with pride,

As it seemed, flashed and gleamed,
As he knew he conquering died.

We beat them — how, you know, boys,
Yet many an eye was dim;
And when we talked of triumph,
We only thought of him.
And still, though fifty years, boys,
Have gone, who, without pride,
Names his name, — tells his fame,
Who at Trafalgar died!

William C. Bennett.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

'T was in Trafalgar's bay
We saw the Frenchman lay;
Each heart was bounding then.
We scorned the foreign yoke,
Our ships were British oak,
And hearts of oak our men.

Our Nelson marked them on the wave,
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
Nor thought of home and beauty.
Along the line this signal ran, —
"England expects that every man
This day will do his duty."

And now the cannons roar
Along the affrighted shore;

Our Nelson led the way:
His ship the Victory named;
Long be that Victory famed!
For victory crowned the day.

But dearly was that conquest bought,
For well the gallant hero fought
For England, home, and beauty.
He cried, as midst the fire he ran,
"England expects that every man
This day will do his duty!"

At last the fatal wound,
Which spread dismay around,
The hero's breast received:
"Heaven fights on our side,
The day's our own," he cried;
"Now long enough I've lived."

"In honor's cause my life was past,
In honor's cause I fall at last,
For England, home, and beauty!"
Thus ending life as he began,
England confessed that every man
That day had done his duty.

L. J. Arnold.

Trocadero.

STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SPANISH PATRIOTS LATEST KILLED IN RESISTING THE REGENCY AND THE DUKE OF ANGOULEME.

BRAVE men who at the Trocadero fell,
Beside your cannons conquered not, though slain,
There is a victory in dying well
For Freedom, — and ye have not died in vain;
For, come what may, there shall be hearts in Spain
To honor, ay, embrace your martyred lot,
Cursing the bigot's and the Bourbon's chain,
And looking on your graves, though trophied not,
As holier hallowed ground than priests could make the spot!

What though your cause be baffled, — freemen cast
In dungeons, dragged to death, or forced to flee, —
Hope is not withered in affliction's blast, —
The patriot's blood 's the seed of Freedom's tree;
And short your orgies of revenge shall be,
Cowled demons of the Inquisitorial cell!
Earth shudders at your victory, for ye
Are worse than common fiends from Heaven that fell,
The baser, ranker sprung, autochthones of Hell!

Go to your bloody rites again, — bring back
The hall of horrors, and the assessor's pen,

Recording answers shrieked upon the rack;
Smile o'er the gaspings of spine-broken men;
Preach, perpetrate damnation in your den; —
Then let your altars, ye blasphemers! peal
With thanks to Heaven, that let you loose again,
To practise deeds with torturing fire and steel
No eye may search, no tongue may challenge or reveal!

Yet laugh not in your carnival of crime
Too proudly, ye oppressors! — Spain was free,
Her soil has felt the footprints, and her clime
Been winnowed by the wings of Liberty;
And these even parting scatter as they flee
Thoughts, influences, to live in hearts unborn,
Opinions that shall wrench the prison-key
From Persecution, show her mask off-torn,
And tramp her bloated head beneath the foot of Scorn.

Glory to them that die in this great cause;
Kings, bigots, can inflict no brand of shame,
Or shape of death, to shroud them from applause:
No! manglers of the martyr's earthly frame!
Your hangman fingers cannot touch his fame!
Still in your prostrate land there shall be some
Proud hearts, the shrines of Freedom's vestal flame.
Long trains of ill may pass unheeded, dumb,
But vengeance is behind, and justice is to come.

Thomas Campbell.

Trujillo.

FOR A COLUMN AT TRUJILLO.

PIZARRO here was born; a greater name
The list of glory boasts not. Toil and pain,
Famine and hostile elements, and hosts
Embattled, failed to check him in his course,
Not to be wearied, not to be deterred,
Not to be overcome. A mighty realm
He overran, and with relentless arm
Slew or enslaved its unoffending sons;
And wealth and power and fame were his rewards.
There is another world beyond the grave,
According to their deeds where men are judged.
O reader! if thy daily bread be earned
By daily labor, — yea, however low,
However painful be thy lot assigned, —
Thank thou, with deepest gratitude, the God
Who made thee, that thou art not such as he.

Robert Southey.

Valencia.

THE CID'S DEATH-BED.

IT was an hour of grief and fear
Within Valencia's walls,
When the blue spring heaven lay still and clear
Above her marble halls.

There were pale cheeks and troubled eyes,
And steps of hurrying feet,
Where the Zambra's notes were wont to rise,
Along the sunny street.

It was an hour of fear and grief
On bright Valencia's shore,
For Death was busy with her chief,
The noble Campeador.

The Moor king's barks were on the deep,
With sounds and signs of war;
But the Cid was passing to his sleep,
In the silent Alcazar.

No moan was heard through the towers of state,
No weeper's aspect seen,
But by the couch Ximena sate,
With pale yet steadfast mien.

Stillness was round the leader's bed,
Warriors stood mournful nigh,
And banners o'er his glorious head
Were drooping heavily.

And feeble grew the conquering hand,
And cold the valiant breast;
He had fought the battles of the land,
And his hour was come to rest.

What said the ruler of the field?
His voice is faint and low;

The breeze that creeps o'er his lance and shield
Hath louder accents now.

"Raise ye no cry, and let no moan
Be made when I depart;
The Moor must hear no dirge's tone;
Be ye of mighty heart!

"Let the cymbal clash and the trumpet strain
From your walls ring far and shrill;
And fear ye not, for the saints of Spain
Shall grant you victory still.

"And gird my form with mail array,
And set me on my steed;
So go ye forth on your funeral way,
And God shall give you speed.

"Go with the dead in the front of war,
All armed with sword and helm,
And march by the camp of King Bucar,
For the good Castilian realm.

"And let me slumber in the soil
Which gave my fathers birth;
I have closed my day of battle-toil,
And my course is done on earth."

Now wave, ye glorious banners! wave!
Through the lattice a wind sweeps by,
And the arms, o'er the death-bed of the brave,
Send forth a hollow sigh.

Now wave, ye banners of many a fight!
As the fresh wind o'er you sweeps;
The wind and the banners fall hushed as night:
The Campeador, —he sleeps!

Sound the battle-horn on the breeze of morn,
And swell out the trumpet's blast,
Till the notes prevail o'er the voice of wail,
For the noble Cid hath passed!

Felicia Hemans.

THE CID'S FUNERAL PROCESSION.

THE Moor had beleaguered Valencia's towers,
And lances gleamed up through her citron bowers,
And the tents of the desert had girt her plain,
And camels were trampling the vines of Spain;
For the Cid was gone to rest.

There were men from wilds where the death-wind sweeps,
There were spears from hills where the lion sleeps,
There were bows from sands where the ostrich runs,
For the shrill horn of Afric had called her sons
To the battles of the West.

The midnight bell, o'er the dim seas heard,
Like the roar of waters, the air had stirred;
The stars were shining o'er tower and wave,
And the camp lay hushed as a wizard's cave;
But the Christians woke that night.

They reared the Cid on his barbed steed,
Like a warrior mailed for the hour of need,
And they fixed the sword in the cold right hand
Which had fought so well for his father's land,
And the shield from his neck hung bright.

There was arming heard in Valencia's halls,
There was vigil kept on the rampart walls;
Stars had not faded nor clouds turned red,
When the knights had girded the noble dead,
And the burial train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun;
With a silent step went the cuirassed bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands;
And they gave no battle-shout.

When the first went forth, it was midnight deep,
In heaven was the moon, in the camp was sleep;
When the last through the city's gates had gone,
O'er tent and rampart the bright day shone,
With a sunburst from the sea.

There were knights five hundred went armed before,
And Bermudez the Cid's green standard bore;
To its last fair field, with the break of morn,
Was the glorious banner in silence borne,
On the glad wind streaming free.

And the Campeador came stately then,
Like a leader circled with steel-clad men!

The helmet was down o'er the face of the dead,
But his steed went proud, by a warrior led,
For he knew that the Cid was there.

He was there, the Cid, with his own good sword,
And Ximena following her noble lord;
Her eye was solemn, her step was slow,
But there rose not a sound of war or woe,
Not a whisper on the air.

The halls in Valencia were still and lone,
The churches were empty, the masses done;
There was not a voice through the wide streets far,
Nor a footfall heard in the Alcazar.
—So the burial train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun;
With a silent step went the cuirassed bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands;
And they gave no battle-shout.

But the deep hills pealed with a cry erelong,
When the Christians burst on the Paynim throng!
With a sudden flash of the lance and spear,
And a charge of the war-steed in full career,
It was Alvar Fañez came!

He that was wrapped with no funeral shroud
Had passed before like a threatening cloud!
And the storm rushed down on the tented plain,

And the Archer Queen, with her bands, lay slain;
For the Cid upheld his fame.

Then a terror fell on the King Bucar,
And the Libyan kings who had joined his war;
And their hearts grew heavy, and died away,
And their hands could not wield an assagay,
For the dreadful things they saw!

For it seemed where Minaya his onset made,
There were seventy thousand knights arrayed,
All white as the snow on Nevada's steep,
And they came like the foam of a roaring deep,
— 'T was a sight of fear and awe!

And the crested form of a warrior tall,
With a sword of fire, went before them all;
With a sword of fire and a banner pale,
And a blood-red cross on his shadowy mail;
He rode in the battle's van!

There was fear in the path of his dim white horse,
There was death in the giant warrior's course!
Where his banner streamed with its ghostly light,
Where his sword blazed out, there was hurrying flight, —
For it seemed not the sword of man!

The field and the river grew darkly red,
As the kings and leaders of Afric fled;
There was work for the men of the Cid that day!

They were weary at eve, when they ceased to slay,
As reapers whose task is done!

The kings and the leaders of Afric fled!
The sails of their galleys in haste were spread,
But the sea had its share of the Paynim slain,
And the bow of the desert was broke in Spain.
— So the Cid to his grave passed on!

Felicia Hemans.

VALENCIA.

VALENCIA! can the wide world show
Aught to exceed thy beauty's pride!
Valencia! but thy charms to know
Is to forego the world beside!

When mighty Soleyman ascended
In magic pomp the yielding sky,
By all his gorgeous train attended,
And by his feathered panoply,
He looked upon the earth beneath,
And saw no land so fair as thine,
And felt thy pure and perfumed breath
Rise rich with incense all divine.

Valencia! not Al Jannat's bowers,
Her streams of molten gems, her flowers,
Her meads where blessed beings rove,
Where houris, with their eyes of love,
Look from their pearly caverns, bright

With circling rays of living light, —
Not all that Paradise bestows
Can be more pure, more heavenly fair,
And earth, — O, earth no region knows
That may in aught with thee compare!

From the French. Tr. L. S. Costello.

Valladolid.

VALLADOLID.

MY heart was happy when I turned from Burgos to Valladolid;
My heart that day was light and gay, it bounded like a kid.
I met a palmer on the way, my horse he bade me rein, —
"I left Valladolid to-day, I bring thee news of pain!
The lady-love whom thou dost seek in gladness and in cheer,
Closed is her eye, and cold her cheek, I saw her on her bier.

"The priests went singing of the mass, — my voice their song did aid;
A hundred knights with them did pass to the burial of the maid;
And damsels fair went weeping there, and many a one did say,

'Poor Cavalier! he is not here, — 't is well he 's far away.' "
I fell when thus I heard him speak, upon the dust I lay;
I thought my heart would surely break, I wept for half a day.

" When evening came I rose again, the palmer held my steed,
And swiftly rode I o'er the plain to dark Valladolid.
I came unto the sepulchre where they my love had laid,
I bowed me down beside the bier, and there my moan I made:
" O, take me, take me to thy bed, I fain would sleep with thee!
My love is dead, my hope is fled, — there is no joy for me! "

I heard a sweet voice from the tomb, I heard her voice so clear:
" Rise up, rise up, my knightly love, thy weeping well I hear;
Rise up and leave this darksome place, — it is no place for thee;
God yet will send thee helpful grace, in love and chivalry.
Though in the grave my bed I have, for thee my heart is sore;
'T will ease my heart if thou depart, — thy peace may God restore! "

Spanish Ballad. Tr. J. G. Lockhart.

VALLADOLID.

VALLADOLID, thou art the Vale of Tears;
Whose are the eyes that weep, I need not say;
The Vale of Josaphat for gloom all day,
A gloom which light of judgment never clears:
A sham each hearer deems it, when he hears
That thou dost hold Spain's Court; he wonders how
Thy burly form should play the courtier now,
Who wast so fine a clown in other years.
Thy titled Counts we know them to our cost,
Well may the Andalusian say, who rests
In lodging dark as purgatory-shade;
While no good Earl of Fairlight plays the host,
But evermore Lord Knox, and, winter guests,
Count Rainham, Snowdown, and Lord Slough and Slade.

Luis de Góngora. Tr. E. Churton.

BULL-FIGHT AT VALLADOLID.

THE place, a garden gay, — the round stockade
Festooned with flowers, — the bulls, some twelve or more,
Fierce as fleshed tigers in their rush and roar,
Right gallantly despatched with lance and blade:
The riders on their posts in troops arrayed,
Princes and peers, who thronged the grassy floor;
Their rival hues, such gorgeous suits they wore,
Outspangled heaven's bright rainbow ere it fade.
Their steeds Valencian children of the wind,

For whose rich bits Peru gave bars of gold,
Whose burnished reins threw back the dazzling sun:
And when o'er western hills the sun declined,
A game of shields Pisuerga might behold,
That had old Genil's Moorish vaunts outdone.

Luis de Góngora. Tr. E. Churton.

THE POET'S TROUBLES AT VALLADOLID.

I GO, devoured by bugs and mules: for one,
Thanks to a dire old bedstead; for the other,
Thanks to a friend, who, kind as any brother,
Left them with me; and twenty days are gone.
Farewell, old frame, whereon I lay to groan;
Old fragment of some ship from broker's yard,
Whose crew, like true red rovers, never spared
Their prize, till they had made my blood their own.
Come, mules; your master is not lapt in proof
Against compassion, nor in cruel scorn
Would wish me done to death with heel and hoof.
Farewell, poor court, close hid in town forlorn;
Bull-ring in rural meadow. My low roof
Will find us, man and beast, cheap bread and corn.

Luis de Góngora. Tr. E. Churton.

HOW IT STRIKES A CONTEMPORARY.

YOU saw go up and down Valladolid,
A man of mark, to know next time you saw.
His very serviceable suit of black

Was courtly once and conscientious still,
And many might have worn it, though none did:
The cloak that somewhat shone and showed the threads
Had purpose, and the ruff, significance.
He walked and tapped the pavement with his cane,
Scenting the world, looking it full in face,
An old dog, bald and blindish, at his heels.
They turned up, now, the alley by the church,
That leads no whither; now, they breathed themselves
On the main promenade just at the wrong time.
You 'd come upon his scrutinizing hat,
Making a peaked shade blacker than itself
Against the single window spared some house
Intact yet with its mouldered Moorish work;
Or else surprise the ferrel of his stick
Trying the mortar's temper 'tween the chinks
Of some new shop a-building, French and fine.
He stood and watched the cobbler at his trade,
The man who slices lemons into drink,
The coffee-roaster's brazier, and the boys
That volunteer to help him turn its winch.
He glanced o'er books on stalls with half an eye,
And fly-leaf ballads on the vender's string,
And broad-edged bold-print posters by the wall.
He took such cognizance of men and things,
If any beat a horse, you felt he saw;
If any cursed a woman, he took note;
Yet stared at nobody, — they stared at him,
And found, less to their pleasure than surprise,
He seemed to know them and expect as much.
So, next time that a neighbor's tongue was loosed,

It marked the shameful and notorious fact,
We had among us, not so much a spy,
As a recording chief-inquisitor,
The town's true master if the town but knew!
We merely kept a Governor for form,
While this man walked about and took account
Of all thought, said, and acted, then went home,
And wrote it fully to our Lord the King,
Who has an itch to know things, he knows why,
And reads them in his bedroom of a night.

Robert Browning.

Valverde.

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WILLIAM MYERS.

SPANIARD or Portuguese! tread reverently
Upon a soldier's grave; no common heart
Lies mingled with the clod beneath thy feet.
To honors and to ample wealth was Myers
In England born; but leaving friends beloved,
And all allurements of that happy land,
His ardent spirit to the field of war
Impelled him. Fair was his career. He faced
The perils of that memorable day
When, through the iron shower and fiery storm
Of death, the dauntless host of Britain made
Their landing at Aboukir; then not less
Illustrated than when great Nelson's hand,
As if insulted Heaven with its own wrath

Had armed him, smote the miscreant Frenchmen's fleet,
And with its wreck, wide floating many a league,
Strewed the rejoicing shores. What then his youth
Held forth of promise, amply was confirmed
When Wellesley, upon Talavera's plain,
On the mock monarch won his coronet:
There, when the trophies of the field were heaped,
Was he for gallant bearing eminent,
When all did bravely. But his valor's orb
Shone brightest at its setting. On the field
Of Albuhera he the fusileers
Led to regain the heights, and promised them
A glorious day: a glorious day was given;
The heights were gained, the victory was achieved,
And Myers received from death his deathless crown.
Here to Valverde was he borne, and here
His faithful men, amid this olive grove,
The olive emblem here of endless peace,
Laid him to rest. Spaniard or Portuguese,
In your good cause the British soldier fell:
Tread reverently upon his honored grave.

Robert Southey.

Vitoria.

THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

SING, a' ye bards, wi' loud acclaim,
High glory gi'e to gallant Graham,
Heap laurels on our marshal's fame
Wha conquered at Vittoria.

Triumphant freedom smiled on Spain,
An' raised her stately form again,
Whan the British lion shook his mane
On the mountains of Vittoria.

Let blustering Suchet crousely crack,
Let Joseph rin the coward's track,
An' Jourdan wish his baton back
He left upon Vittoria.
If e'er they meet their worthy king,
Let them dance roun' him in a ring,
An' some Scots piper play the spring
He blew them at Vittoria.

Gi'e truth and honor to the Dane,
Gi'e German's monarch heart and brain,
But aye in sic a cause as Spain
Gi'e Britain a Vittoria.
The English rose was ne'er sae red,
The shamrock waved whare glory led,
An' the Scottish thistle reared its head
In joy upon Vittoria.

Loud was the battle's stormy swell,
Whare thousands fought an' many fell,
But the Glasgow heroes bore the bell
At the battle of Vittoria.
The Paris maids may ban them a',
Their lads are maistly wede awa',
An' cauld an' pale as wreathes o' snaw
They lie upon Vittoria.

Peace to the souls, then, o' the brave,
Let all their trophies for them wave,
And green be our Cadogan's grave
Upon thy fields, Vittoria.
Shout on, my boys, your glasses drain,
And fill a bumper up again,
Pledge to the leading star o' Spain,
The hero of Vittoria.

William Glen.

Xerez.

THE POUNDER.

THE Christians have beleaguered the famous walls of Xerez;
Among them are Don Alvar and Don Diego Perez,
And many other gentlemen, who, day succeeding day,
Give challenge to the Saracen and all his chivalry.

When rages the hot battle before the gates of Xerez,
By trace of gore ye may explore the dauntless path of Perez;
No knight like Don Diego, — no sword like his is found
In all the host, to hew the boast of paynims to the ground.

It fell, one day, when furiously they battled on the plain,
Diego shivered both his lance and trusty blade in twain;

The Moors that saw it shouted; for esquire none was near,
To serve Diego at his need with falchion, mace, or spear.

Loud, loud he blew his bugle, sore troubled was his eye,
But by God's grace before his face there stood a tree full nigh, —
An olive-tree with branches strong, close by the wall of Xerez:
"Yon goodly bough will serve, I trow," quoth Don Diego Perez.

A gnarled branch he soon did wrench down from that olive strong,
Which o'er his headpiece brandishing, he spurs among the throng:
God wot, full many a pagan must in his saddle reel!
What leech may cure, what beadsman shrive, if once that weight ye feel?

But when Don Alvar saw him thus bruising down the foe,
Quoth he, "I 've seen some flail-armed man belabor barley so; —
Sure, mortal mould did ne'er infold such mastery of power:
Let 's call Diego Perez the Pounder, from this hour."

Spanish Ballad. Tr. J. G. Lockhart.

ROMANCE.

NOW appears the star of Venus,
Sol's last ray the mountain gilds,
While the night, in dusky mantle,
Travels o'er the darkening fields.
See yon Moorish warrior flying
From Sidonia's open gate,
Near the sunny banks of Xerez,
Fierce and proud, but desolate.
By the stream of Guadalete,
To that port of splendid fame,
Honored by far distant ages
With Our Lady's blessed name.
He is born of lineage noble,
All his sires of high degree,
But his once-loved maid has left him,
Taunting him with poverty.
Faithless fair one! and this evening
She has pledged her recreant hand
To proud Seville's base alcalde,
Dignified with high command.
To the careless winds of heaven,
To the rocks and woods he cries;
Naught but pitying Echo hears him, —
Pitying Echo still replies.
"Zayde! Zayde! far more cruel
Than the wreck-absorbing wave;
Harder than the hardest mountain,
Whose old feet the waters lave;

Tell me, cruel maiden! tell me
Shall the charms that once were mine
Be devoted to another?
Wilt thou call another thine?
Wilt thou twine thy youthful tendrils
Round a proud and rugged tree,
Leaving mine all stripped and blasted;
Flowerless, fruitless, left by thee?"
He, thy choice, is poor, though wealthy, —
Him whom thou fleest rich, though poor:
Hast thou learnt than wealth of spirit
Wealth of clay to value more?
Wilt thou then Gazul abandon,
Six sweet years of love now flown,
For this treacherous Albenzayde,
For this stranger all unknown?

* * *

Thus he spoke; and straight to Xerez,
Full of madness, sped along,
And he finds the alcalde's palace
Bright with torches, gay with song.
There a thousand lamps are burning,
Thousand voices shouting there;
All is gayety and gladness, —
What does this intruder here?
He his trusty steed has mounted,
To the bridegroom swift he hies,
And the crowds make way before him,
While he pays his courtesies.

Ha! his bloody lance has traversed
The alcalde's fluttering breast,
And his life-blood now is flowing,
Flowing through his purple vest.
O, what horror! what confusion,
Desolation, and dismay!
While the stern, unnoticed murderer
To Medina takes his way.

From the Spanish. Tr. J. Bowring.

Zamora.

THE CHALLENGE.

I HAVE a vague remembrance
Of a story that is told
In some ancient Spanish legend
Or chronicle of old.

It was when brave King Sanchez
Was before Zamora slain,
And his great besieging army
Lay encamped upon the plain.

Don Diego de Ordoñez
Sallied forth in front of all,
And shouted loud his challenge
To the warders on the wall.

All the people of Zamora,
  Both the born and the unborn,
As traitors did he challenge
  With taunting words of scorn.

The living, in their houses,
  And in their graves, the dead!
And the waters of their rivers,
  And their wine, and oil, and bread!

There is a greater army,
  That besets us round with strife,
A starving, numberless army,
  At all the gates of life.

The poverty-stricken millions
  Who challenge our wine and bread,
And impeach us all as traitors,
  Both the living and the dead.

And whenever I sit at the banquet,
  Where the feast and song are high,
Amid the mirth and the music
  I can hear that fearful cry.

And hollow and haggard faces
  Look into the lighted hall,
And wasted hands are extended
  To catch the crumbs that fall.

For within there is light and plenty,
  And odors fill the air;

But without there is cold and darkness,
And hunger and despair.

And there in the camp of famine,
In wind and cold and rain,
Christ, the great Lord of the army,
Lies dead upon the plain!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

PORTUGAL.

INTRODUCTORY.

PORTUGAL.

ON, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,
And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay.
Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,
New shores descried make every bosom gay;
And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way,
Aud Tagus dashing onward to the deep,
His fabled golden tribute bent to pay;
And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap,
And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few rustics reap.

Lord Byron.

LUSITANIA.

PROUD o'er the rest, with splendid wealth arrayed,
As crown to this wide empire, Europe's head,
Fair Lusitania smiles, the western bound,
Whose verdant breast the rolling waves surround,
Where gentle evening pours her lambent ray,
To them in vain the injured Muse bewails:

The last pale gleaming of departing day:
This, this, O mighty king, the sacred earth,
This the loved parent-soil that gave me birth.
And O, would bounteous Heaven my prayer regard,
And fair success my perilous toils reward,
May that dear land my latest breath receive,
And give my weary bones a peaceful grave.
Sublime the honors of my native land,
And high in Heaven's regard her heroes stand:
By Heaven's decree 't was theirs the first to quell
The Moorish tyrants, and from Spain expel;
Nor could their burning wilds conceal their flight,
Their burning wilds confessed the Lusian might.
From Lusus famed, whose honored name we bear,
(The son of Bacchus or the bold compeer,)
The glorious name of Lusitania rose,
A name tremendous to the Roman foes,
When her bold troops the valiant shepherd led,
And foul with rout the Roman eagles fled;
When haughty Rome achieved the treacherous blow,
That owned her terror of the matchless foe.
But when no more her Viriatus fought,
Age after age her deeper thraldom brought;
Her broken sons by ruthless tyrants spurned,
Her vineyards languished, and her pastures mourned;
Till time, revolving, raised her drooping head,
And o'er the wandering world her conquests spread.

Luis de Camoens. Tr. W. J. Mickle.

THE COMPLAINT OF CAMOENS.

ALAS, on Tago's hapless shores alone
The Muse is slighted, and her charms unknown;
For this no Virgil here attunes the lyre,
No Homer here awakes the hero's fire.
On Tago's shores are Scipios, Cæsars born,
And Alexanders Lisboa's clime adorn,
But heaven has stamped them in a rougher mould,
Nor gave the polish to their genuine gold.
Careless and rude or to be known or know,
In vain to them the sweetest numbers flow;
Unheard, in vain their native poet sings,
And cold neglect weighs down the Muse's wings.
Even he whose veins the blood of Gama warms,
Walks by, unconscious of the Muse's charms:
For him no Muse shall leave her golden loom,
No palm shall blossom, and no wreath shall bloom;
Yet shall my labors and my cares be paid
By fame immortal, and by Gama's shade:
Him shall the song of every shore proclaim,
The first of heroes, first of naval fame.
Rude and ungrateful though my country be,
This proud example shall be taught by me,
"Where'er the hero's worth demands the skies,
To crown that worth some generous bard shall rise."

* * *

Ye gentle Nymphs of Tago's rosy bowers,
Ah, see what lettered patron-lords are yours!

Dull as the herds that graze their flowery dales,
To them in vain the injured Muse bewails:
No fostering care their barbarous hands bestow,
Though to the Muse their fairest fame they owe.
Ah, cold may prove the future priest of Fame
Taught by my fate: yet will I not disclaim
Your smiles, ye Muses of Mondego's shade,
Be still my dearest joy your happy aid!
And hear my vow; nor king nor loftiest peer
Shall e'er from me the song of flattery hear;
Nor crafty tyrant, who in office reigns,
Smiles on his king, and binds the land in chains;
His king's worst foe: nor he whose raging ire,
And raging wants, to shape his course, conspire;
True to the clamors of the blinded crowd,
Their changeful Proteus, insolent and loud;
Nor he whose honest mien secures applause,
Grave though he seem, and father of the laws,
Who, but half-patriot, niggardly denies
Each other's merit, and withholds the prize:
Who spurns the Muse, nor feels the raptured strain
Useless by him esteemed, and idly vain:
For him, for these, no wreath my hand shall twine;
On other brows the immortal rays shall shine:
He who the path of honor ever trod,
True to his king, his country, and his God,
On his blessed head my hands shall fix the crown
Wove of the deathless laurels of renown.

Luis de Camoens. Tr. W. J. Mickle.

PORTUGAL.

Alcobaça.

GONZALO HERMIGUEZ.

IN arms and in anger, in struggle and strife,
Gonzalo Hermiguez won his wife;
He slew the Moor who from the fray
Was rescuing Fatima that day.
In vain she shrieked; Gonzalo pressed
The Moorish prisoner to his breast:
That breast in iron was arrayed;
The gauntlet was bloody that grasped the maid;
Through the beaver-sight his eye
Glared fierce and red and wrathfully;
And, while he bore the captive away,
His heart rejoiced, and he blest the day.

Under the lemon-walk's odorous shade
Gonzalo Hermiguez wooed the maid:
The ringlets of his raven hair
Waved upon the evening air;
And gentle thoughts, that raise a sigh,
Softened the warrior's dark-brown eye,

When he with passion and sweet song
Wooed her to forgive the wrong,
Till she no more could say him nay;
And the Moorish maiden blest the day
When Gonzalo bore her a captive away.

To the holy Church, with pomp and pride,
Gonzalo Hermiguez led his bride.
In the sacred font, that happy day,
Her stain of sin was washed away;
There did the Moorish maiden claim
Another faith, another name;
There, as a Christian convert, plight
Her faith unto the Christian Knight;
And Oriana blest the day
When Gonzalo bore her a captive away.

Of Affonso Henriques' court the pride
Were Gonzalo Hermiguez and his bride:
In battle strongest of the strong,
In peace the master of the song,
Gonzalo of all was first in fame;
The loveliest she and the happiest dame:
But, ready for her heavenly birth,
She was not left to fade on earth;
In that dread hour, with Heaven in view,
The comfort of her faith she knew,
And blest on her death-bed the day
When Gonzalo bore her a captive away.

Through a long and holy life
Gonzalo Hermiguez mourned his wife:

The arms wherewith he won his bride,
Sword, shield, and lance were laid aside;
That head which the high-plumed helm had worn
Was now of its tresses shaven and shorn:
A Monk of Alcobaça he,
Eminent for sanctity.
Contented in his humble cell,
The meekest of the meek, to dwell,
His business was, by night and day,
For Oriana's soul to pray.
Never day did he let pass
But scored to her account a Mass;
Devoutly for the dear one dead
With self-inflicted stripes he bled:
This was Gonzalo's sole employ,
This was Gonzalo's only joy;
Till love, thus purified, became
A holy, yea, a heavenly flame;
And now in Heaven both bless the day
When he bore the Moorish captive away.

Robert Southey.

Alemtejo.

WRITTEN IN ALEMTEJO.

WHEN, at morn, the muleteer
With early call announces day,
Sorrowing that early call I hear,
Which scares the visions of delight away;

For dear to me the silent hour
When sleep exerts its wizard power,
And busy Fancy, then let free,
Borne on the wings of Hope, my Edith, flies to thee.

When the slant sunbeams crest
The mountain's shadowy breast;
When on the upland slope
Shines the green myrtle wet with morning dew,
And, lovely as the youthful dreams of Hope,
The dim-seen landscape opens on the view, —
I gaze around, with raptured eyes,
On Nature's charms, where no illusion lies,
And drop the joy and memory-mingled tear,
And sigh to think that Edith is not here.

At the cool hour of even,
When all is calm and still,
And o'er the western hill
A richer radiance robes the mellowed heaven,
Absorbed in darkness thence,
When slowly fades in night
The dim, decaying light,
Like the fair day-dreams of Benevolence,
Fatigued and sad and slow,
Along my lonely way I go,
And muse upon the distant day,
And sigh, remembering Edith far away.

When late arriving at our inn of rest,
Whose roof, exposed to many a winter's sky,

Half shelters from the wind the shivering guest,
By the lamp's melancholy gloom,
I see the miserable room,
And, musing on the evils that arise
From disproportioned inequalities,
Pray that my lot may be
Neither with riches nor with poverty,
But in that happy mean
Which for the soul is best,
And with contentment blest,
In some secluded glen
To dwell with peace and Edith far from men.

Robert Southey.

Aljubarrota.

THE LORD OF BUTRAGO.

"YOUR horse is faint, my King, my Lord, your gallant horse is sick,
His limbs are torn, his breast is gored, on his eye the film is thick;
Mount, mount on mine, O, mount apace, I pray thee mount and fly!
Or in my arms I 'll lift your Grace, — their trampling hoofs are nigh.

"My King, my King, you 're wounded sore: the blood runs from your feet,
But only lay a hand before, and I 'll lift you to your seat:

Mount, Juan, for they gather fast, — I hear their coming cry;
Mount, mount, and ride for jeopardy — I 'll save you though I die!

"Stand, noble steed, this hour of need, — be gentle as a lamb:
I 'll kiss the foam from off thy mouth, — thy master dear I am.
Mount, Juan, mount, whate'er betide, away the bridle fling,
And plunge the rowels in his side. — My horse shall save my King!

"Nay, never speak; my sires, Lord King, received their land from yours,
And joyfully their blood shall spring, so be it thine secures:
If I should fly, and thou, my King, be found among the dead,
How could I stand 'mong gentlemen, such scorn on my gray head?

"Castille's proud dames shall never point the finger of disdain,
And say — there 's one that ran away when our good lords were slain, —
I leave Diego in your care, — you 'll fill his father's place:
Strike, strike the spur, and never spare, — God's blessing on your Grace!"

So spake the brave Montañez, Butrago's Lord was he;
And turned him to the coming host in steadfastness and glee;
He flung himself among them, as they came down the hill;
He died, God wot! but not before his sword had drunk its fill.

Spanish Ballad. Tr. J. G. Lockhart.

Arrabida, the Mountain.

ARRABIDA.

OF Lima, whence I bent my pilgrim way
In this lone mount my sepulchre to make,
I may not to the beauties tune my lay,
For thoughts would rise which I should now forsake.
The humble garb of wool about me bound,
Formed to no fashion, but a lowly vest,
And feet which naked tread the stony ground,
From worldly converse long have closed my breast.
The gaysome throng, who loudly laud thy name,
Seeing thy gentle Lima 'neath the care
Of one, a noble prince and monarch's heir,
The more thou writ'st the more will sound thy fame.
Brother, though I on thee less praise bestow,
Jointly let ours to God eternal flow.

Fra Agostinho da Cruz. Tr. J. Adamson.

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING THE CONVENT OF ARRABIDA, NEAR SETUBAL.

HAPPY the dwellers in this holy house;
For surely never worldly thoughts intrude
On this retreat, this sacred solitude,
Where Quiet with Religion makes her home.
And ye who tenant such a goodly scene,
How should ye be but good where all is fair,
And where the mirror of the mind reflects
Serenest beauty? O'er these mountain-wilds
The insatiate eye with ever-new delight
Roams raptured, marking now where to the wind
The tall tree bends its many-tinted boughs
With soft, accordant sound; and now the sport
Of joyous sea-birds o'er the tranquil deep;
And now the long-extending stream of light,
Where the broad orb of day refulgent sinks
Beneath old Ocean's line. To have no cares
That eat the heart, no wants that to the earth
Chain the reluctant spirit, to be freed
From forced communion with the selfish tribe
Who worship Mammon, — yea, emancipate
From this world's bondage, even while the soul
Inhabits still its corruptible clay, —
Almost, ye dwellers in this holy house,
Almost I envy you. You never see
Pale Misery's asking eye, nor roam about
Those huge and hateful haunts of crowded men,
Where Wealth and Power have built their palaces,

Fraud spreads his snares secure, man preys on man,
Iniquity abounds, and rampant Vice,
With an infection worse than mortal, taints
The herd of human-kind.
I too could love,
Ye tenants of this sacred solitude,
Here to abide, and, when the sun rides high,
Seek some sequestered dingle's coolest shade;
And, at the breezy hour, along the beach
Stray with slow step, and gaze upon the deep,
And while the breath of evening fanned my brow,
And the wild waves with their continuous sound
Soothed my accustomed ear, think thankfully
That I had from the crowd withdrawn in time,
And found a harbor. Yet may yonder deep
Suggest a less unprofitable thought,
Monastic brethren! Would the mariner,
Though storms may sometimes swell the mighty waves,
And o'er the reeling bark with thundering crash
Impel the mountainous surge, quit yonder deep,
And rather float upon some tranquil sea,
Whose moveless waters never feel the gale,
In safe stagnation? Rouse thyself, my soul!
No season this for self-deluding dreams;
It is thy spring-time; sow, if thou wouldst reap;
Then, after honest labor, welcome rest,
In full contentment not to be enjoyed
Unless when duly earned. O, happy then
To know that we have walked among mankind
More sinned against than sinning! happy then
To muse on many a sorrow overpast,

And think the business of the day is done,
And as the evening of our lives shall close, —
The peaceful evening, — with a Christian's hope
Expect the dawn of everlasting day!

Robert Southey.

THE ARRABIDA CONVENT.

FALTER not, pilgrim here! with steady steps
Upward along this dark-o'ershadowed path
Tread cheerily: this is the rugged path
That leads to Heaven. Hark! how the glittering stream,
That sparkles down the mountain, to thine ear
Sends its mild murmurs: round thy throbbing brow,
Pleasant the cool air breathes, and on thy way
The glorious sun shines radiant: canst thou pause?
O pilgrim, hie thee on with holy haste
And enter there, where all the hours are hours
Of life, and every hope, reality.

Francisco Manuel. Tr. R. Southey.

Busaco.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE DESERTO DE BUSACO.

READER! thou standest upon holy ground,
Which Penitence hath chosen for itself,
And war, disturbing the deep solitude,
Hath left it doubly sacred. On these heights

The host of Portugal and England stood,
Arrayed against Massena, when the chief,
Proud of Rodrigo and Almeida won,
Pressed forward, thinking the devoted realm
Full sure should fall a prey. He in his pride
Scorned the poor numbers of the English foe,
And thought the children of the land would fly
From his advance, like sheep before the wolf,
Scattering, and lost in terror. Ill he knew
The Lusitanian spirit! Ill he knew
The arm, the heart, of England! Ill he knew
Her Wellington! He learnt to know them here,
That spirit and that arm, that heart, that mind,
Here on Busaco gloriously displayed,
When, hence repulsed, the beaten boaster wound
Below his course circuitous, and left
His thousands for the beasts and ravenous fowl.
The Carmelite who in his cell recluse
Was wont to sit, and from a skull receive
Death's silent lesson, wheresoe'er he walk,
Henceforth may find his teachers. He shall find
The Frenchmen's bones in glen and grove, on rock
And height, where'er the wolves and carrion birds
Have strewn them, washed in torrents, bare and bleached
By sun and rain, and by the winds of heaven.

Robert Southey.

Cintra.

CINTRA.

POOR, paltry slaves! yet born midst noblest scenes, —
Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men?
Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes
In variegated maze of mount and glen.
Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
To follow half on which the eye dilates
Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken
Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
Who to the awestruck world unlocked Elysium's gates?

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crowned,
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain moss by scorching skies imbrowned,
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow branch below,
Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
And frequent turn to linger as you go,
From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
And rest ye at "Our Lady's House of Woe";

Where frugal monks their little relics show,
And sundry legends to the stranger tell:
Here impious men have punished been; and lo,
Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,
In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.

And here and there, as up the crags you spring,
Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path;
Yet deem not these devotion's offering, —
These are memorials frail of murderous wrath:
For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath
Poured forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,
Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath;
And grove and glen with thousand such are rife
Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life!

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,
Are domes where whilome kings did make repair;
But now the wild-flowers round them only breathe:
Yet ruined splendor still is lingering there,
And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair:
There thou, too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,
Once formed thy Paradise, as not aware,
When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,
Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow;
But now, as if a thing unblest by man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!
Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow

To halls deserted, portals gaping wide:
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied;
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide.

Lord Byron.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE CELL OF HONORIUS, AT THE CORK CONVENT, NEAR CINTRA.

HERE, caverned like a beast, Honorius passed,
In self-affliction, solitude, and prayer,
Long years of penance. He had rooted out
All human feelings from his heart, and fled
With fear and loathing from all human joys.
Not thus in making known his will divine
Hath Christ enjoined. To aid the fatherless,
Comfort the sick, and be the poor man's friend,
And in the wounded heart pour gospel-balm, —
These are the injunctions of his holy law,
Which whoso keeps shall have a joy on earth,
Calm, constant, still increasing, preluding
The eternal bliss of heaven. Yet mock not thou,
Stranger, the anchorite's mistaken zeal!
He painfully his painful duties kept,
Sincere, though erring. Stranger! do thou keep
Thy better and thine easier rule as well.

Robert Southey.

CINTRA.

NOONDAY languors of summer-tide
Voluptuous hang on Cintra's side,
Luxuries of languor, deep
And rich as a dream 'twixt wake and sleep;
Over all a delicious drowse,
As — seen in an opium-eater's vision, —
Goddesses, with slumberous brows
Beautiful, droop in bowers elysian;
All adown the mountain's side
A hazy sunshine mantling wide, —
And the golden quiet gentliest falls
Round Montserrat's deserted halls.
Lo! the ruin, — the site romantic!
Wanderer o'er the broad Atlantic,
Sick at heart of the restless ocean
That rolled thee hither, thou deemest hell
To be a whirlpool of driving motion,
Motion incessant and forced and frantic,
As Vathek did; and thou as well
Wouldst choose in so sweet a place to dwell;
A haven for the stormy-stressed,
Where all that blooms, that breathes, seems blest
With the fulness of a heavenly rest.
Yet a shadow haunts the ruin lone,
And voices are echoing mournfully;
This the burden of their moan:
Vanity! All is vanity!

I wander about the grassy knoll,
Whereon the crumbling mansions stand;
And, O, the scene that the site commands
Might charm the least enthusiast soul!
Smoothed from the door is a sunny slope,
Changeful as the kaleidoscope
With wild-flowers, which so gayly flaunt
That the green is not predominant,
For a young child's fall in a butterfly-chase
Smoothed even to the mountain's base.
And thence away to the eastward roll
In light and shadow the sea-like hills;
And a kingdom's breadth the vision fills.
Then, turning, I see above the browned
Bald mountain's forehead, with turrets crowned,
Where topples ever, our eyes to mock,
The House of Our Lady of the Rock,
All soft with a color of amethyst
Through lazy up-coilings of long-drawn mist;
A mist whose moisture is dropped again
In myriad threads of waterfall
Down sunny valley and sunless glen;
And I hear the descent all musical
With silvery tinklings. From the frown
Of a blue-green gulféd gorge, behind
The mansion's site, bursts, vast and white,
One torrent, in large flakes snowing adown,
With a mellow yet hollow roar rolled on the wind,
Treble and base in harmony,
A chorus of waters, and breathlessly
Hang all things charmed on the lullaby.

And it fills the halls and chambers lone,
Ever so mournfully, mournfully;
This the burden of its moan:
Vanity! Hollow vanity!

* * *

Scarce in their mazes the midges move,
With the webs of gossamer interwove;
The lizard's slim shadow lies motionless
On the mossy stone, in the path unthridded;
Droops, with still pulse, a trancéd life
Over rich fields with poppies rife,
Their deep eyes, snowy and scarlet lidded,
Heavy as with the consciousness
Of a secret weight, pregnant with power.
Death that sleeps never, and Sleep that dies
Into life, with the dawn of awakening eyes,
Differing in breathing mortal breath,
Dreamful or dreamless, O Sleep, O Death,
How are ye so of kin, born twin
From the selfsame womb of a simple flower?
Yet breathe on our brows, sweet peace profound,
Be it Sleep, be it Death; O, fold us round,
Or above or under the poppied mound!
For life, saith the shade on the ruin lone,
Is mutable, full of misery;
A fever-flush, a fainting moan,
Vanity! Hectic vanity!

A mountain-spur on either side
Shoots out, with the gray-mossed cork-tree hoary,

Like a long and lofty promontory
Into and over an ocean-tide;
And I, like an idle boat, embayed,
Embowered, like a bird, in aloe-shade,
Like a babe, embosomed in Love's sweet zone,
Am possessed by the beauty all alone.
A glorious picture from mount to valley!
There the cork, shagging fantastically
The steeps; here, waveless in the calm,
The feathery willow and plume-like palm,
Where flow, developed to the skies,
Fair and fertile declivities,
Rounded into mound and dell,
Green ripples light on the longer swell;
Gardens perennial as the Hesperides;
Where, ever spangling one bough, we find
Fragrances of leaf and rind;
White-twinkling stars and planet-globes
Golden, pending in orange-glooms,
All untabled their ephemerides;
Trailers blowing trumpet-blooms,
And heavily purpled the grape-festoons;
All, — save the beating heart of June
Glowingly felt, which never a wind
Reveals by the lifting of lustrous robes, —
All would seem but a painting grand,
The silent work of a master hand:
That windless and unclouded air,
That seem so rapture-hushed and fair,
And the perishing palace frowning there!

In faery land is a shadow lone,
And voices that ever sing mournfully;
This the burden of their moan:
Vanity! Dissonant vanity!

And now, shut in from the scene's expansion,
In the central hall of the lonely mansion,
Around me are but the crumbling walls,
Weather-embrowned and mossy-dank,
And a shadow of cold and darkness falls
Upon me. Weeds and grass are rank
Where undistinguished lie roof and floors,
And, choking the gaps which once were doors,
The ivy. Yet more in their prime superb
Than now did the intruding pile disturb
Nature's juvenile, jubilant choir;
For jangles less the shattered lyre
Than when its false note sounded high
And loud in a lovely harmony;
And joy hath a tone, dark, tender, holy,
That often, ay, ever is but twin-brother
To the music-tears of melancholy;
Blending still the one with the other,
Even as with the beauty around
These bare walls, toppling to the ground,
Blending closelier seem to be,
Evermore wasting silently,
Like icebergs in a torrid sea.
Haunted by a shadow lone,
And voices that echo mournfully;

This the burden of their moan:
Vanity! Perishing vanity!

Ah! here the accomplished voluptuary
Had found the content he sought, if the faery
Loveliness of the still seclusion
Could of its own sweet self suffice
For a soul like his; but wealth's profusion
He poured around him, never stopping,
Any more than a drainless fountain,
Silver-dropping, for the counting, —
Esteeming his affluent heart and mind,
His gorgeous fancy, his masséd treasure
Of knowledge, no more than the silks and spice
And gold and gems of Orient Ind,
Valueless save to subserve pleasure, —
And lo! a palace in paradise!
Holy the garden-bloom of Eden;
And he turned it into a Moslem Heaven!
Youngest Eve its genius maiden;
And to her was the flush of an houri given!
The one philosophy throned in his thought
Was that which the sage of Cyrene taught;
Until, his finer perceptions dull,
Even in the fane of the beautiful,
The hierophant turned from the shrine,
And bowed to a light that was not divine.
That pomp can pall and pleasure sate
He proved, as was preached from his proud estate
By a prince in his grandeur not elate.

And a shadow lay on his own heart lone,
As now on the ruin, audibly;
In the words of Solomon making moan:
Vanity! Vexing vanity!

And Vathek measured, O Israel,
The height of thy crownéd wisdom hoary:
Changes he rang on the same old story:
Blight to the bloom, and gloom to the glory,
From the inward upon the outward fell.
The restless fiend of satiety
Into the hell of his very thought,
Into the hell of unrest, had wrought
His Elysium of idlesse and luxury,
Ere he left it lone. In northern-more climes,
Not wiser grown, hill-brows less faery
Did he tiara with towers aery,
Which all in turn, like these, grew dreary,
Like these, which are mine for my moral rhymes;
While the south is sunning bower and hall,
Desolate and dismantled all,
In their solitude paradisiacal.
While a shadow haunts the ruin lone,
And voices are echoing mournfully;
This is the burden of their moan:
Vanity! Restless vanity!

* * *

William Gibson.

Coimbra.

QUEEN ORRACA AND THE FIVE MARTYRS OF MOROCCO.

I.

THE Friars five have girt their loins,
And taken staff in hand;
And never shall those Friars again
Hear Mass in Christian land.

They went to Queen Orraca
To thank her and bless her then;
And Queen Orraca in tears
Knelt to the holy men.

"Three things, Queen Orraca,
We prophesy to you:
Hear us, in the name of God!
For time will prove them true:—

"In Morocco we must martyred be;
Christ hath vouchsafed it thus:
We shall shed our blood for Him
Who shed his blood for us.

"To Coimbra shall our bodies be brought,
Such being the will divine;
That Christians may behold and feel
Blessings at our shrine.

"And when unto that place of rest
Our bodies shall draw nigh,
Who sees us first, the king or you,
That one that night must die.

"Fare thee well, Queen Orraca!
For thy soul a Mass we will say,
Every day as long as we live,
And on thy dying day."

The Friars they blest her, one by one,
Where she knelt on her knee;
And they departed to the land
Of the Moors beyond the sea.

II.

"What news, O King Affonso!
What news of the Friars five?
Have they preached to the Miramamolin?
And are they still alive?"

"They have fought the fight, O queen!
They have run the race;
In robes of white they hold the palm
Before the Throne of Grace.

"All naked in the sun and air
Their mangled bodies lie;
What Christian dared to bury them,
By the bloody Moors would die."

III.

"What news, O King Affonso!
Of the Martyrs five what news?
Doth the bloody Miramamolin
Their burial still refuse?"

"That on a dunghill they should rot,
The bloody Moor decreed;
That their dishonored bodies should
The dogs and vultures feed.

"But the thunder of God rolled over them,
And the lightning of God flashed round;
Nor thing impure nor man impure
Could approach the holy ground.

"A thousand miracles appalled
The cruel Pagan's mind:
Our brother Pedro brings them here,
In Coimbra to be shrined."

IV.

Every altar in Coimbra
Is dressed for the festival day;
All the people in Coimbra
Are dight in their richest array;

Every bell in Coimbra
Doth merrily, merrily ring;
The clergy and the knights await
To go forth with the queen and the king.

"Come forth, come forth, Queen Orraca!
We make the procession stay."
"I beseech thee, King Affonso,
Go you alone to-day.

"I have pain in my head this morning,
I am ill at heart also;
Go without me, King Affonso,
For I am too faint to go."

"The relics of the Martyrs five
All maladies can cure;
They will requite the charity
You showed them once, be sure.

"Come forth, then, Queen Orraca!
You make the procession stay:
It were a scandal and a sin
To abide at home to-day."

Upon her palfrey she is set,
And forward then they go;
And over the long bridge they pass,
And up the long hill wind slow.

"Prick forward, King Affonso,
And do not wait for me:
To meet them close by Coimbra
It were discourtesy.

"A little while I needs must wait,
Till this sore pain be gone:

I will proceed the best I can;
But do you and your knights prick on."

The king and his knights pricked up the hill
Faster than before;
The king and his knights have topped the hill,
And now they are seen no more.

As the king and his knights went down the hill,
A wild boar crossed the way:
"Follow him! follow him!" cried the king;
"We have time by the queen's delay."

A-hunting of the boar astray
Is King Affonso gone:
Slowly, slowly, but straight the while,
Queen Orraca is coming on.

And winding now the train appears
Between the olive-trees;
Queen Orraca alighted then,
And fell upon her knees.

The Friars of Alanpuer came first,
And next the relics passed:
Queen Orraca looked to see
The king and his knights come last.

She heard the horses tramp behind;
At that she turned her face:
King Affonso and his knights came up,
All panting, from the chase.

"Have pity upon my poor soul,
Holy Martyrs five!" cried she:
"Holy Mary, Mother of God,
Virgin, pray for me!"

V.

That day in Coimbra
Many a heart was gay;
But the heaviest heart in Coimbra
Was that poor queen's that day.

The festival is over;
The sun hath sunk in the west;
All the people in Coimbra
Have betaken themselves to rest.

Queen Orraca's Father Confessor
At midnight is awake,
Kneeling at the Martyrs' shrine,
And praying for her sake.

Just at the midnight hour, when all
Was still as still could be,
Into the church of Santa Cruz
Came a saintly company.

All in robes of russet gray,
Poorly were they dight;
Each one girdled with a cord,
Like a Friar Minorite.

But from those robes of russet gray
There flowed a heavenly light;
For each one was the blesséd soul
Of a Friar Minorite.

Brighter than their brethren,
Among the beautiful band,
Five were there who each did bear
A palm-branch in his hand.

He who led the brethren,
A living man was he;
And yet he shone the brightest
Of all the company.

Before the steps of the altar
Each one bowed his head;
And then with solemn voice they sung
The Service of the Dead.

"And who are ye, ye blesséd saints?"
The Father Confessor said;
"And for what happy soul sing ye
The Service of the Dead?"

"These are the souls of our brethren in bliss;
The Martyrs five are we;
And this is our Father Francisco,
Among us bodily.

"We are come hither to perform
Our promise to the queen:

Go thou to King Affonso,
And say what thou hast seen."

There was loud knocking at the door,
As the heavenly vision fled;
And the porter called to the Confessor
To tell him the queen was dead.

Robert Southey.

IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

WHILE glory thus Alonzo's name adorned,
To Lisboa's shores the happy chief returned,
In glorious peace and well-deserved repose
His course of fame and honored age to close.
When now, O king, a damsel's fate severe,
A fate which ever claims the woful tear,
Disgraced his honors. On the nymph's lorn head
Relentless rage its bitterest rancor shed;
Yet such the zeal her princely lover bore,
Her breathless corse the crown of Lisboa wore.
'T was thou, O Love, whose dreaded shafts control
The hind's rude heart, and tear the hero's soul;
Thou ruthless power, with bloodshed never cloyed,
'T was thou thy lovely votary destroyed.
Thy thirst still burning for a deeper woe,
In vain to thee the tears of beauty flow;
The breast, that feels thy purest flames divine,
With spouting gore must bathe thy cruel shrine.
Such thy dire triumphs! — Thou, O Nymph, the while,
Prophetic of the god's unpitying guile,

In tender scenes by lovesick fancy wrought,
By fear oft shifted as by fancy brought,
In sweet Mondego's ever-verdant bowers,
Languished away the slow and lonely hours:
While now, as terror waked thy boding fears,
The conscious stream received thy pearly tears;
And now, as hope revived the brighter flame,
Each echo sighed thy princely lover's name.
Nor less could absence from thy prince remove
The dear remembrance of his distant love:
Thy looks, thy smiles, before him ever glow,
And o'er his melting heart endearing flow:
By night his slumbers bring thee to his arms,
By day his thoughts still wander o'er thy charms,
By night, by day, each thought thy loves employ,
Each thought the memory or the hope of joy.
Though fairest princely dames invoked his love,
No princely dame his constant faith could move;
For thee alone his constant passion burned,
For thee the proffered royal maids he scorned.
Ah, hope of bliss too high! — the princely dames
Refused, dread rage the father's breast inflames:
He, with an old man's wintry eye, surveys
The youth's fond love, and coldly with it weighs
The people's murmurs of his son's delay
To bless the nation with his nuptial day;
(Alas! the nuptial day was passed unknown,
Which but when crowned the prince could dare to own;)
And with the fair one's blood the vengeful sire
Resolves to quench his Pedro's faithful fire.
O thou dread sword, oft stained with heroes' gore,

Thou awful terror of the prostrate Moor,
What rage could aim thee at a female breast,
Unarmed, by softness and by love possessed?

Dragged from her bower by murderous, ruffian hands,
Before the frowning king fair Ignez stands;
Her tears of artless innocence, her air
So mild, so lovely, and her face so fair,
Moved the stern monarch; when with eager zeal
Her fierce destroyers urged the public weal:
Dread rage again the tyrant's soul possessed,
And his dark brow his cruel thoughts confessed.
O'er her fair face a sudden paleness spread;
Her throbbing heart with generous anguish bled,
Anguish to view her lover's hopeless woes;
And all the mother in her bosom rose.
Her beauteous eyes, in trembling tear-drops drowned,
To heaven she lifted, but her hands were bound;
Then on her infants turned the piteous glance,
The look of bleeding woe: the babes advance,
Smiling in innocence of infant age,
Unawed, unconscious of their grandsire's rage;
To whom, as bursting sorrow gave the flow,
The native, heart-sprung eloquence of woe,
The lovely captive thus: "O monarch, hear,
If e'er to thee the name of man was dear,—
If prowling tigers, or the wolf's wild brood,
Inspired by nature with the lust of blood,
Have yet been moved the weeping babe to spare,
Nor left, but tended with a nurse's care,
As Rome's great founders to the world were given;

Shalt thou, who wear'st the sacred stamp of Heaven,
The human form divine, — shalt thou deny
That aid, that pity, which e'en beasts supply?
O that thy heart were, as thy looks declare,
Of human mould! superfluous were my prayer;
Thou couldst not then a helpless damsel slay,
Whose sole offence in fond affection lay,
In faith to him who first his love confessed,
Who first to love allured her virgin breast.
In these my babes shalt thou thine image see,
And still tremendous hurl thy rage on me?
Me, for their sakes, if yet thou wilt not spare,
O, let these infants prove thy pious care!
Yet pity's lenient current ever flows
From that brave breast where genuine valor glows;
That thou art brave let vanquished Afric tell,
Then let thy pity o'er mine anguish swell;
Ah! let my woes, unconscious of a crime,
Procure mine exile to some barbarous clime;
Give me to wander o'er the burning plains
Of Lybia's deserts, or the wild domains
Of Scythia's snow-clad rocks and frozen shore;
There let me, hopeless of return, deplore.
Where ghastly horror fills the dreary vale,
Where shrieks and howlings die on every gale,
The lion's roaring, and the tiger's yell,
There with mine infant race consigned to dwell,
There let me try that piety to find,
In vain by me implored from human-kind:
There in some dreary cavern's rocky womb,
Amid the horrors of sepulchral gloom,

For him whose love I mourn, my love shall glow,
The sigh shall murmur, and the tear shall flow:
All my fond wish, and all my hope, to rear
These infant pledges of a love so dear, —
Amidst my griefs a soothing, glad employ,
Amidst my fears a woful, hopeless joy."

In tears she uttered. As the frozen snow,
Touched by the spring's mild ray, begins to flow,
So just began to melt his stubborn soul,
As mild-rayed pity o'er the tyrant stole:
But destiny forbade. With eager zeal,
Again pretended for the public weal,
Her fierce accusers urged her speedy doom;
Again dark rage diffused its horrid gloom
O'er stern Alonzo's brow: swift at the sign,
Their swords unsheathed around her brandished shine.
O foul disgrace, of knighthood lasting stain,
By men of arms an helpless lady slain!

Thus Pyrrhus, burning with unmanly ire,
Fulfilled the mandate of his furious sire:
Disdainful of the frantic matron's prayer,
On fair Polyxena, her last fond care,
He rushed, his blade yet warm with Priam's gore,
And dashed the daughter on the sacred floor;
While mildly she her raving mother eyed,
Resigned her bosom to the sword, and died.
Thus Ignez, while her eyes to Heaven appeal,
Resigns her bosom to the murdering steel:
That snowy neck, whose matchless form sustained

The loveliest face, where all the Graces reigned,
Whose charms so long the gallant prince inflamed,
That her pale corse was Lisboa's queen proclaimed,—
That snowy neck was stained with spouting gore;
Another sword her lovely bosom tore.
The flowers, that glistened with her tears bedewed,
Now shrunk and languished with her blood imbrued.
As when a rose, erewhile of bloom so gay,
Thrown from the careless virgin's breast away,
Lies faded on the plain, the living red,
The snowy white, and all its fragrance fled;
So from her cheeks the roses died away,
And pale in death the beauteous Ignez lay.
With dreadful smiles, and crimsoned with her blood,
Round the wan victim the stern murderers stood,
Unmindful of the sure, though future hour,
Sacred to vengeance and her lover's power.

O sun, couldst thou so foul a crime behold,
Nor veil thine head in darkness, — as of old
A sudden night unwonted horror cast
O'er that dire banquet, where the sire's repast
The son's torn limbs supplied? Yet you, ye vales,
Ye distant forests, and ye flowery dales,
When, pale and sinking to the dreadful fall,
You heard her quivering lips on Pedro call;
Your faithful echoes caught the parting sound,
And "Pedro! Pedro!" mournful, sighed around.
Nor less the wood-nymphs of Mondego's groves
Bewailed the memory of her hapless loves:
Her griefs they wept, and to a plaintive rill

Transformed their tears, which weeps and murmurs still:
To give immortal pity to her woe,
They taught the rivulet through her bowers to flow;
And still through violet beds the fountain pours
Its plaintive wailing, and is named Amours.
Nor long her blood for vengeance cried in vain:
Her gallant lord begins his awful reign.
In vain her murderers for refuge fly;
Spain's wildest hills no place of rest supply.
The injured lover's and the monarch's ire,
And stern-browed justice, in their doom conspire;
In hissing flames they die, and yield their souls in fire.

Luis de Camoens. Tr. W. J. Mickle.

THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO.

THERE was music on the midnight,
From a royal fane it rolled;
And a mighty bell, each pause between,
Sternly and slowly tolled.
Strange was their mingling in the sky,
It hushed the listener's breath;
For the music spoke of triumph high,
The lonely bell, — of death!

There was hurrying through the midnight
A sound of many feet;
But they fell with a muffled fearfulness
Along the shadowy street:
And softer, fainter grew their tread,
As it neared the minster gate,

Whence a broad and solemn light was shed
From a scene of royal state.

Full glowed the strong red radiance
In the centre of the nave,
Where the folds of a purple canopy
Swept down in many a wave,
Loading the marble pavement old
With a weight of gorgeous gloom;
For something lay midst their fretted gold,
Like a shadow of the tomb.

And within that rich pavilion,
High on a glittering throne,
A woman's form sat silently,
Midst the glare of light alone.
Her jewelled robes fell strangely still, —
The drapery on her breast
Seemed with no pulse beneath to thrill,
So stone-like was its rest!

But a peal of lordly music
Shook e'en the dust below,
When the burning gold of the diadem
Was set on her pallid brow!
Then died away that haughty sound;
And from the encircling band
Stepped prince and chief, midst the hush profound,
With homage to her hand.

Why passed a faint, cold shuddering
Over each martial frame,

As one by one, to touch that hand,
Noble and leader came?
Was not the settled aspect fair?
Did not a queenly grace,
Under the parted ebon hair,
Sit on the pale still face?

Death! Death! canst thou be lovely
Unto the eye of life?
Is not each pulse of the quick high breast
With thy cold mien at strife?
— It was a strange and fearful sight,
The crown upon that head,
The glorious robes, and the blaze of light,
All gathered round the dead!

And beside her stood in silence
One with a brow as pale,
And white lips rigidly compressed,
Lest the strong heart should fail:
King Pedro, with a jealous eye,
Watching the homage done
By the land's flower and chivalry
To her, his martyred one.

But on the face he looked not
Which once his star had been;
To every form his glance was turned
Save of the breathless queen:
Though something, won from the grave's embrace,
Of her beauty still was there,

Its hues were all of that shadowy place,
It was not for him to bear.

Alas! the crown, the sceptre,
The treasures of the earth,
And the priceless love that poured those gifts,
Alike of wasted worth!
The rites are closed, — bear back the dead
Unto the chamber deep!
Lay down again the royal head,
Dust with the dust to sleep!

There is music on the midnight, —
A requiem sad and slow,
As the mourners through the sounding aisle
In dark procession go;
And the ring of state, and the starry crown,
And all the rich array,
Are borne to the house of silence down,
With her, that queen of clay!

And tearlessly and firmly
King Pedro led the train;
But his face was wrapped in his folding robe
When they lowered the dust again.
'T is hushed at last the tomb above, —
Hymns die, and steps depart:
Who called thee strong as Death, O Love?
Mightier thou wast and art.

Felicia Hemans.

COIMBRA.

SOFT from its crystal bed of rest
Mondego's tranquil waters glide;
Nor stop, till lost on ocean's breast,
They, swelling, mingle with the tide,
Increasing still, as still they flow, —
Ah! there commenced my endless woe.

There Beauty showed, with angel mien,
Whate'er is Beauty's loveliest mould, —
The enchanting smile, the brow serene,
And ivory forehead wreathed with gold;
A countenance which Love's soft art
Has graven forever on my heart.

Content and glorious with the pain
That shot from Beauty's radiant eyes,
From day to day I hugged my chain,
And played with life amidst my sighs,
E'en with my fervent war at peace,
Nor bade the dear illusions cease.

Though still those beaming orbs unclose,
For me their fires no longer shine;
Can those avail to soothe my woes,
If these bright beams no more are mine?
For radiant howsoe'er they be, —
Alas! they are not bright for me.

Ah! who might guess of love so deep
I ere the unfathomed end should see,
Or dare to tell that aught would keep
My separated soul from thee?
That lost to hope, alone survives
The cherished joy remembrance gives.

Ah! who might say the glorious thought
Should, in a moment, cease to heave
This breast, with fond endearment fraught;
And hope itself no more deceive?
Yet memory still recalls thy power,
And shall till life's receding hour.

Yet softly steals to soothe my grief
The thought that cheats me into bliss,
And gives me yet a faint relief
Midst all my bosom's wretchedness,
That in our happier hours you proved
You ne'er could love as I have loved!

Thus shall the pangs of absence steal
O'er thee, with half thy torturing woe;
But shouldst thou guess the pangs I feel,
Or should thy tear of anguish flow,
That tear would but my woes increase;
In death alone I seek for peace.

Yet whispered to the murmuring stream
That winds these flowery meads among,

I give affection's cheating dream,
And pour in weeping truth my song
That each recounted woe may prove
A lasting monument of love.

Luis de Camoens. Tr. Mrs. Cockle.

Douro, the River.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE BANKS OF THE DOURO.

CROSSING, in unexampled enterprise,
This great and perilous stream, the English host
Effected here their landing, on the day
When Soult from Porto with his troops was driven.
No sight so joyful ever had been seen
From Douro's banks, — not when the mountains sent
Their generous produce down, or homeward fleets
Entered from distant seas their port desired;
Nor e'er were shouts of such glad mariners
So gladly heard, as then the cannon's peal,
And short, sharp strokes of frequent musketry,
By the delivered habitants that hour.
For they who, beaten then and routed, fled
Before victorious England, in their day
Of triumph, had, like fiends let loose from hell,
Filled yon devoted city with all forms
Of horror, all unutterable crimes;
And vengeance now had reached the inhuman race

Accurst. O, what a scene did night behold
Within those rescued walls, when festal fires
And torches, blazing through the bloody streets,
Streamed their broad light where horse and man in death
Unheeded lay outstretched! Eyes, which had wept
In bitterness so long, shed tears of joy,
And from the broken heart thanksgiving mixed
With anguish rose to Heaven. Sir Arthur then
Might feel how precious in a righteous cause
Is victory, how divine the soldier's meed
When grateful nations bless the avenging sword!

Robert Southey.

Lima, the River.

THE RIVER LIMA.

O LIMA, thou that in this valley's sweep
Now murmuring glid'st, with soothing sounds the while
That western skies obscure Sol's gilded smile,
Luring the neighbors of thy stream to sleep,
I, now lovelorn, of other sounds than thine,
Catch but the whispers as thy waters flow,
And, in the loved one's absence sunk in woe,
Increase thy wave with gushing tears of mine.
And whilst meandering gently to the sea
Seemeth methinks, so sweet the moan thou makest,
That thou a share in all my griefs partakest,—

Yet I'm deceived, thou but complain'st of me;
That the intrusion of my falling tear
Should break the surface of thy waters clear.

Diogo Bernardes. Tr. John Adamson.

Lisbon (Lisboa).

LISBON.

AND thou, famed Lisboa, whose embattled wall
Rose by the hand that wrought proud Ilion's fall;
Thou queen of cities, whom the seas obey,
Thy dreaded ramparts owned the hero's sway.
Far from the north a warlike navy bore
From Elbe, from Rhine, and Albion's misty shore,
To rescue Salem's long-polluted shrine;
Their force to great Alonzo's force they join:
Before Ulysses' walls the navy rides,
The joyful Tagus laves their pitchy sides.
Five times the moon her empty horns concealed,
Five times her broad effulgence shone revealed,
When, wrapped in clouds of dust, her mural pride
Falls thundering, — black the smoking breach yawns wide.
As when the imprisoned waters burst the mounds,
And roar, wide sweeping, o'er the cultured grounds;
Nor cot nor fold withstand their furious course;
So headlong rushed along the hero's force.
The thirst of vengeance the assailant's fires,

The madness of despair the Moors inspires;
Each lane, each street, resounds the conflict's roar,
And every threshold reeks with tepid gore.
Thus fell the city, whose unconquered towers
Defied of old the banded Gothic powers,
Whose hardened nerves in rigorous climates trained,
The savage courage of their souls sustained;
Before whose sword the sons of Ebro fled,
And Tagus trembled in his oozy bed.

Luis de Camoens. Tr. W. J. Mickle.

THE DEPARTURE OF KING SEBASTIAN.

IT was a Lusitanian Lady, and she was lofty in degree,
Was fairer none, nor nobler, in all the realm than she;
I saw her that her eyes were red, as, from her balcony,
They wandered o'er the crowded shore and the resplendent sea,

Gorgeous and gay, in Lisbon's Bay, with streamers flaunting wide,
Upon the gleaming waters Sebastian's galleys ride,
His valorous armada (was never nobler sight)
Hath young Sebastian marshalled against the Moorish might.

The breeze comes forth from the clear north, a gallant breeze there blows;
Their sails they lift, then out they drift, and first Sebastian goes.

"May none withstand Sebastian's hand, — God shield
my King!" she said;
Yet pale was that fair Lady's cheek, her weeping eyes
were red.

She looks on all the parting host, in all its pomp ar-
rayed,
Each pennon on the wind is tost, each cognizance dis-
played;
Each lordly galley flings abroad, above its armed prow,
The banner of the Cross of God, upon the breeze to
flow.

But one there is, whose banner, above the Cross divine,
A scarf upholds, with azure folds, of love and faith
the sign:
Upon that galley's stern ye see a peerless warrior stand,
Though first he goes, still back he throws his eye upon
the land.

Albeit through tears she looks, yet well may she that
form descry,
Was never seen a vassal mien so noble and so high;
Albeit the Lady's cheek was pale, albeit her eyes were
red,
"May none withstand my true-love's hand! God bless
my Knight!" she said.

There are a thousand Barons, all harnessed cap-a-pee,
With helm and spear that glitter clear above the dark-
green sea;—

No lack of gold or silver, to stamp each proud device
On shield or surcoat, — nor of chains and jewelry of price.

The seamen's cheers the Lady hears, and mingling voices come,
From every deck, of glad rebeck, of trumpet, and of drum;
"Who dare withstand Sebastian's hand? what Moor his gage may fling
At young Sebastian's feet?" she said. "The Lord hath blessed my King."

Spanish Ballad. Tr. J. G. Lockhart.

THE BRIDGE OF ALCANTARA.

OFT as at pensive eve I pass the brook
Where Lisboa's Maro, old and suppliant stood,
Fancy his injured eld and sorrows rude
Brought to my view. 'T was night; with cheerless look
Methought he bowed the head in languid mood,
As pale with penury in darkling nook
Forlorn he watched. Sudden the skies partook
A mantling blaze, and warlike forms intrude.
Here Gama's semblance braves the boiling main,
And Lusitania's warriors hurl the spear;
But whence that flood of light that bids them rear
Their lofty brows! From thy neglected strain,
Camoens, unseen by vulgar eye it flows,
That glorious blaze to thee thy thankless country owes.

William Julius Mickle.

THE EARTHQUAKE OF LISBON, 1755.

AT length they see the waters gleam
Amid the fragrant bowers
Where Lisbon mirrors in the stream
Her belt of ancient towers.

Red is the orange on its bough,
To-morrow's sun shall fling
O'er Cintra's hazel-shaded brow
The flush of April's wing.

The streets are loud with noisy mirth,
They dance on every green;
The morning's dial marks the birth
Of proud Braganza's queen.

At eve beneath their pictured dome
The gilded courtiers throng;
The broad moidores have cheated Rome
Of all her lords of song.

Ah! Lisbon dreams not of the day,
Pleased with her painted scenes,
When all her towers shall slide away
As now these canvas screens!

The spring has passed, the summer fled,
And yet they linger still,

Though autumn's rustling leaves have spread
The flank of Cintra's hill.

* * *

Three hours the first November dawn
Has climbed with feeble ray
Through mists like heavy curtains drawn
Before the darkened day.

How still the muffled echoes sleep!
Hark! hark! a hollow sound, —
A noise like chariots rumbling deep
Beneath the solid ground.

The channel lifts, the water slides
And bares its bar of sand,
Anon a mountain billow strides
And crashes o'er the land.

The turrets lean, the steeples reel
Like masts on ocean's swell,
And clash a long discordant peal,
The death-doomed city's knell.

The pavement bursts, the earth upheaves
Beneath the staggering town!
The turrets crack, the castle cleaves,
The spires come rushing down.

Around, the lurid mountains glow
With strange unearthly gleams;
While black abysses gape below,
Then close in jagged seams.

The earth has folded like a wave,
And thrice a thousand score,
Clasped, shroudless in their closing grave,
The sun shall see no more!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Mondego, the River.

MONDEGO.

MONDEGO, thou whose waters, cold and clear,
Gird those green banks where fancy fain would stay
Fondly to muse on that departed day
When hope was kind and friendship seemed sincere,
Ere I had purchased knowledge with a tear;
Mondego, though I bend my pilgrim way
To other shores where other fountains stray
And other rivers roll their proud career;
Still, nor shall time, nor grief, nor stars severe,
Nor widening distance e'er prevail in aught
To make thee less to this sad bosom dear:
And memory oft by old affection taught
Shall lightly speed upon the plumes of thought
To bathe among thy waters cold and clear.

Luis de Camoens. Tr. Lord Strangford.

MONDEGO.

WATERS! which pendent from your airy height,
Dash on the heedless rocks and stones below,
Whilst in your white uplifted foam ye show,

Though vexed yourselves, your beauties much more
bright.
Why, as ye know that changeless is their doom,
Do ye, if weary, strive against them still?
Year after year, as ye your course fulfil,
Ye find them rugged nor less hard become.
Return ye back unto the leafy grove,
Through which your way ye may at pleasure roam,
Until ye reach at last your longed-for home.
How hid in mystery are the ways of love!
Ye, if ye wished, yet could not wander free, —
Freedom in my lorn state is valueless to me.

Francisco Rodriguez Lobo. Tr. John Adamson.

MONDEGO.

TO thy clear streams, Mondego, I return
With renovated life and eyes now clear.
How fruitless in thy waters fell the tear,
When Love's delirium did with me sojourn, —
When I, with face betraying anguish deep,
And hollow voice, and unsuspecting ear,
Knew not the danger of the mountain steep
Whereon I stood, — of which my soul with fear
The memory chills! Seducing wiles of Love!
'Neath what vain shadows did you hide my fate, —
Shadows that swiftly passed the happier state
Which now this breast enjoys! Now peace I prove;
For smiling day succeeds the clouds of night,
And sweet repose, and joys, and prospects bright.

Antonio Ferreira. Tr. John Adamson.

MONDEGO.

EVER gliding to the sea
Flow the waters fair and free
Of clear Mondego tranquil through the plain:
Anxious thoughts and growing care
Bound my youthful bosom there,
And slowly fixed their ever-during reign.
Along the pleasant margin green,
Where now I mourn the altered scene,
First did my eyes a nymph behold,
Brighter than snow and pure as gold;
Sweet smiles serene; and grace so well displayed,
That from my heart its form will never fade.

In this country decked with flowers
Blithely rolled my peaceful hours,
In calm contentment, unalloyed with sighs.
Then I gloried in my cares;
Rapture sweetened e'en the tears
Drawn by the beam of those love-darting eyes.
Time flowed, nor I its lapse perceived,
Long by delusive hope deceived;
I sported in life's cheerful ray,
And dreamed of bliss from day to day.
What now avail those joys, too quickly flown!
Those eyes, that with unrivalled lustre shone!

* * *

Luis de Camoens. Tr. William Herbert.

Roliça.

INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT AT ROLISSA.

TIME has been when Rolissa was a name
Ignoble, by the passing traveller heard,
And then forthwith forgotten; now in war
It is renowned. For when to her ally,
In bondage by perfidious France oppressed,
England sent succor, first within this realm
The fated theatre of their long strife
Confronted, here the hostile nations met.
Laborde took here his stand; upon yon point
Of Mount Saint Anna was his eagle fixed;
The veteran chief, disposing well all aid
Of height and glen, possessed the mountain straits, —
A post whose strength, thus manned and profited,
Seemed to defy the enemy, and make
The vantage of assailing numbers vain.
Here, too, before the sun should bend his course
Adown the slope of heaven, — so had their plans
Been timed, — he looked for Loison's army, rich
With spoils from Evora and Beja sacked.
That hope the British knight, areeding well,
With prompt attack prevented; and nor strength
Of ground, nor leader's skill, nor discipline
Of soldiers practised in the ways of war,
Availed that day against the British arm.
Resisting long, but beaten from their stand,

The French fell back; they joined their greater host
To suffer fresh defeat, and Portugal
First for Sir Arthur wreathed her laurels here.

Robert Southey.

Santarem.

AT SANTAREM.

FOUR months Massena had his quarters here,
When by those lines deterred where Wellington
Defied the power of France, but loath to leave
Rich Lisbon yet unsacked, he kept his ground,
Till from impending famine, and the force
Arrayed in front, and that consuming war
Which still the faithful nation, day and night
And at all hours, was waging on his rear,
He saw no safety save in swift retreat.
Then, of his purpose frustrated, this child
Of Hell — so fitlier than of Victory called —
Gave his own devilish nature scope, and let
His devilish army loose. The mournful rolls
That chronicle the guilt of human-kind
Tell not of aught more hideous than the deeds
With which this monster and his kindred troops
Tracked their inhuman way; all cruelties,
All forms of horror, all deliberate crimes,
Which tongue abhors to utter, ear to hear.
Let this memorial bear Massena's name
For everlasting infamy inscribed.

Robert Southey.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN BANISHMENT AT SANTAREM.

TO rugged Pontus, when from cloudless skies,
Sulmonian Ovid, banished, weeping turned;
His household gods, wife, children, — all the ties
Of sacred love in parting grief he mourned.

With eye averted, on his country cast
No lingering look, but still in sadder strain
Gave his keen feelings, as he wandering passed,
To rivers, mountains, and the cheerless plain.

He marked where Nature in her glowing pride
O'er earth, o'er air, and all the star-gemmed sky,
Bade Order's laws around their course preside,
And owned the universal harmony.

The fishes, sportive in the crystal wave,
By instinct guided in their liquid way;
The beasts, proceeding for their mountain cave,
Confess alike her great, her secret sway.

Saw murmuring streamlets from their glittering source
Pursue their path in tributary pride;
Saw them, obedient to their destined course,
Steal in soft splendor to the sparkling tide.

Himself he saw amidst the exile's woe,
The unequalled woe that cannot find relief,

While o'er his verse soft tears of sorrow flow;
His Muse alone companion of his grief.

Thus Fancy paints me, thus like him forlorn,
Condemned the hapless exile's fate to prove;
In life-consuming pain thus doomed to mourn
The loss of all I prized, — of her I love.

Yet proudly turning in remembered bliss
To joys by memory graven on the heart,
I see how transient earthly happiness,
How weak is glory and how vain her art.

Reflection paints me guiltless though opprest,
Increasing thus the sources of my woe;
The pang unmerited that rends the breast
But bids a tear of keener sorrow flow.

If justly punished, then the enduring mind
A chastened comfort from the cause receives,
And reason may a consolation find
Which undeserved affliction never gives.

What time the smiling morn brings on the day,
And wasting dewdrops vanish from the plain,
What time the nightingale her weeping lay
In sadness pours, and tunes the lovelorn strain,

Midst broken slumbers and delusion's power
With tenfold force my sorrows all arise;
Steal from repose the transitory hour,
When others find a respite from their sighs.

No mental joys the discontented prove,
When waking sense recalls the hour of care;
Slow o'er some hill with laboring steps I rove,
And give my tortured bosom to despair.

Alas! not here my straining eye surveys
The hallowed spot from whence my sorrows flow;
Here naught in kind compassion meets my gaze,
But mountain heights, where flowers nor herbage grow.

Since my sad exile, to my cheerless view
The fields no more are green, the flowerets fair;
Ah! late I marked their rich luxuriant hue,
But Nature sheds no more gay blossoms there.

On golden Tagus' undulating stream,
Skim the light barks by gentlest wishes sped;
Trace their still way midst many a rosy gleam
That steals in blushes o'er its trembling bed.

I see them, gay in passing beauty, glide,
Some with fixed sails to woo the tardy gale;
Whilst others with their oars that stream divide,
To which I weeping tell the exile's tale.

Stay, wandering waves; ye fugitives, ah, stay!
Or if without me ye unpitying go,
At least my tears, my sighs, my vows convey,
Those faithful emblems of my cherished woe.

Go then, pursue in calm translucent grace
Your unrestrained, though not unenvied way,
Till I like you regain that hallowed place,
And hail the dawn of joy's returning day.

But ah! not soon shall that protracted hour,
To bless the exile in his anguish, come;
Life may fulfil its transitory power,
Ere happier destiny revoke my doom.

Luis de Camoens. Tr. Mrs. Cockle.

Tagus (Tejo), the River.

THE RIVER TAGUS.

FAIR Tejo! thou, whose calmly flowing tide
Bathes the fresh verdure of these lovely plains,
Enlivening all where'er thy waves may glide,
Flowers, herbage, flocks, and sylvan nymphs, and swains:
Sweet stream! I know not when my steps again
Shall tread thy shores; and while to part I mourn,
I have no hope to meliorate my pain,
No dream to whisper,—I may yet return!
My frowning destiny, whose watchful care
Forbids me blessings, and ordains despair,
Commands me thus to leave thee and repine:
And I must vainly mourn the scenes I fly,
And breathe on other gales my plaintive sigh,
And blend my tears with other waves than thine!

Luis de Camoens. Tr. Felicia Hemans.

CAMOENS.

What lofty meed awaits
The triumph of his victor conch, that swells
Its music on the yellow Tagus' side,
As when Arion, with his glittering harp
And golden hair, scarce sullied from the main,
Bids all the high rocks listen to his voice
Again! Alas, I see an aged form,
An old man worn by penury, his hair
Blown white upon his haggard cheek, his hand
Emaciated, yet the strings with thrilling touch
Soliciting; but the vain crowds pass by:
His very countrymen, whose fame his song
Has raised to heaven, in stately apathy
Wrapped up, and nursed in pride's fastidious lap,
Regard not. As he plays, a sable man
Looks up, but fears to speak, and when the song
Has ceased, kisses his master's feeble hand.
Is that cold wasted hand, that haggard look,
Thine, Camoens? O, shame upon the world!
And is there none, none to sustain thee found,
But he, himself unfriended, who so far
Has followed, severed from his native isles,
To scenes of gorgeous cities, o'er the sea,
Thee and thy broken fortunes!
God of worlds!
O, whilst I hail the triumph and high boast
Of social life, let me not wrong the sense
Of kindness, planted in the human heart
By man's great Maker, therefore I record

Antonio's faithful, gentle, generous love
To his heart-broken master, that might teach,
High as it bears itself, a polished world
More charity.

William Lisle Bowles.

THE LAST SONG OF CAMOENS.

THE morning shone on Tagus' rocky side,
And airs of summer swelled the yellow tide,
When, rising from his melancholy bed,
And faint, and feebly by Antonio led,
Poor Camoens, subdued by want and woe,
Along the winding margin wandered slow.
His harp, that once could each warm feeling move
Of patriot glory or of tenderest love,
His sole and sable friend (while a faint tone
Rose from the wires) placed by a mossy stone.
How beautiful the sun ascending shines
From ridge to ridge, along the purple vines!
How pure the azure of the opening skies!
How resonant the nearer rock replies
To call of early mariners! and hark!
The distant whistle from yon parting bark,
That down the channel as serene she strays,
Her gray sail mingles with the morning haze,
Bound to explore, o'er ocean's stormy reign,
New lands that lurk amid the lonely main!
A transient fervor touched the old man's breast;
He raised his eyes, so long by care depressed,
And while they shone with momentary fire,
Ardent he struck the long-forgotten lyre.

From Tagus' yellow-sanded shore,
O'er the billows, as they roar,
O'er the blue sea, waste and wide,
Our bark threw back the burning tide,
By northern breezes cheer'ly borne,
On to the kingdoms of the morn.
Blanco, whose cold shadow vast
Chills the western wave, is past!
Huge Bojador, frowning high,
Thy dismal terrors we defy!
But who may violate the sleep
And silence of the sultry deep;
Where, beneath the intenser sun,
Hot showers descend, red lightnings run;
Whilst all the pale expanse beneath
Lies burning wide, without a breath;
And at midday from the mast,
No shadow on the deck is cast!
Night by night, still seen the same,
Strange lights along the cordage flame,
Perhaps the spirits of the good,
That wander this forsaken flood,
Sing to the seas, as slow we float,
A solemn and a holy note!

William Lisle Bowles.

THE TAGUS.

HOW, lovely Tagus! different to our view
Our past and present states do now appear, —
Muddy the stream, which I have seen so clear,
And sad the breast, which you contented knew.

Thy banks o'erflowed, through unresisting plains,
Thy waters stray by fitful tempests driven, —
Lost is to me the object which had given
A life of pleasures or a life of pains.
As thus our sorrows such resemblance bear,
May we of joy an equal cup partake!
But ah, what favoring power to me can make
Our fates alike, — for spring with soothing air
Shall to its former state thy stream restore;
Whilst hid, if I again may be as heretofore.

Francisco Rodriguez Lobo. Tr. John Adamson.

THE TAGUS.

IT is a fearful night; a feeble glare
Streams from the sick moon in the o'erclouded sky;
The ridgy billows, with a mighty cry,
Rush on the foamy beaches wild and bare;
No bark the madness of the waves will dare;
The sailors sleep; the winds are loud and high:
Ah, peerless Laura! for whose love I die,
Who gazes on thy smiles while I despair?
As thus, in bitterness of heart, I cried,
I turned, and saw my Laura, kind and bright,
A messenger of gladness, at my side;
To my poor bark she sprang with footstep light;
And as we furrowed Tejo's heaving tide,
I never saw so beautiful a night.

Belchior Manoel Curvo Semedo. Tr. W. C. Bryant.

Torres Vedras.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE LINES OF TORRES VEDRAS.

THROUGH all Iberia, from the Atlantic shores
To far Pyrene, Wellington hath left
His trophies; but no monument records
To after-time a more enduring praise
Than this which marks his triumph here attained
By intellect, and patience to the end
Holding through good and ill its course assigned,
The stamp and seal of greatness. Here the chief
Perceived in foresight Lisbon's sure defence,
A vantage-ground for all reverse prepared,
Where Portugal and England might defy
All strength of hostile numbers. Not for this
Of hostile enterprise did he abate,
Or gallant purpose: witness the proud day
Which saw Soult's murderous host from Porto driven;
Bear witness, Talavera, made by him
Famous forever; and that later fight
When from Busaco's solitude the birds,
Then first affrighted in their sanctuary,
Fled from the thunders and the fires of war.
But when Spain's feeble counsels, in delay
As erring as in action premature,
Had left him in the field without support,
And Bonaparté, having trampled down
The strength and pride of Austria, this way turned

His single thought and undivided power,
Retreating hither the great general came;
And proud Massena, when the boastful chief
Of plundered Lisbon dreamt, here found himself
Stopped suddenly in his presumptuous course.
From Ericeyra on the western sea,
By Mafra's princely convent, and the heights
Of Montichique, and Bucellas famed
For generous vines, the formidable works
Extending, rested on the guarded shores
Of Tagus, that rich river who received
Into his ample and rejoicing port
The harvests and the wealth of distant lands,
Secure, insulting with the glad display
The robber's greedy sight. Five months the foe
Beheld these lines, made inexpugnable
By perfect skill, and patriot feelings here
With discipline conjoined, courageous hands,
True spirits, and one comprehensive mind
All overseeing and pervading all.
Five months, tormenting still his heart with hope,
He saw his projects frustrated; the power
Of the blaspheming tyrant whom he served
Fail in the proof; his thousands disappear,
In silent and inglorious war consumed;
Till hence retreating, maddened with despite,
Here did the self-styled Son of Victory leave,
Never to be redeemed, that vaunted name.

Robert Southey.

Vimeiro.

INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT AT VIMEIRO.

THIS is Vimeiro; yonder stream, which flows
Westward through heathery highlands to the sea,
Is called Maceira, till of late a name,
Save to the dwellers of this peaceful vale,
Known only to the coasting mariner;
Now in the bloody page of war inscribed.
When to the aid of injured Portugal
Struggling against the intolerable yoke
Of treacherous France, England, her old ally,
Long tried and always faithful found, went forth,
The embattled hosts, in equal strength arrayed
And equal discipline, encountered here.
Junot, the mock Abrantes, led the French,
And confident of skill so oft approved,
And vaunting many a victory, advanced
Against an untried foe. But when the ranks
Met in the shock of battle, man to man,
And bayonet to bayonet opposed,
The flower of France, cut down along their line,
Fell like ripe grass before the mower's scythe;
For the strong arm and rightful cause prevailed.
That day delivered Lisbon from the yoke,
And babes were taught to bless Sir Arthur's name.

Robert Southey.

BELGIUM.

INTRODUCTORY.

BELGIUM.

AMONGST the rest, which in that space befell,
There came two Springals of full tender yeares,
Farre thence from forrein land where they did dwell,
To seeke for succour of her and her Peares,
With humble prayers and intreatfull teares;
Sent by their Mother who, a Widow, was
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares
By a strong Tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and slaine her children ruefully, alas!

Her name was Belgè; who in former age
A Lady of great worth and wealth had beene,
And Mother of a frutefull heritage,
Even seventeene goodly Sonnes; which who had seene
In their first flowre, before this fatall teene
Them overtooke and their faire blossomes blasted,
More happie Mother would her surely weene

Then famous Niobe, before she tasted
Latonaes childrens wrath that all her issue wasted.

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious powre,
Had left her now but five of all that brood:
For twelve of them he did by times devoure,
And to his Idols sacrifice their blood,
Whilest he of none was stopped nor withstood:
For soothly he was one of matchlesse might,
Of horrible aspéct and dreadfull mood,
And had three bodies in one wast empight,
And th' armes and legs of three to succour him in fight.

Edmund Spenser.

THE STORKS.

WHERE the Rhine loses his majestic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,
Consulting deep and various ere they take
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky:
And now their route designed, their leaders chose,
Their tribes adjusted, cleaned their vigorous wings;
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheeled round and round, in congregation full
The figured flight ascends; and, riding high
The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

James Thomson.

MALBROUCK.

ANOTHER and more literal version of this popular song will be found, with an explanatory note, in "France," II. 216.

MALBROUCK, the prince of commanders,
Is gone to the war in Flanders;
His fame is like Alexander's;
But when will he come home?

Perhaps at Trinity Feast, or
Perhaps he may come at Easter.
Egad! he had better make haste, or
We fear he may never come.

For Trinity Feast is over,
And has brought no news from Dover,
And Easter is past, moreover,
And Malbrouck still delays.

Milady in her watch-tower
Spends many a pensive hour,
Not knowing why or how her
Dear lord from England stays.

While sitting quite forlorn in
That tower, she spies returning
A page clad in deep mourning,
With fainting steps and slow.

"O page, prithee, come faster!
What news do you bring of your master?

I fear there is some disaster,
Your looks are so full of woe."

"The news I bring, fair lady,"
With sorrowful accent said he,
"Is one you are not ready
So soon, alas! to hear.

"But since to speak I 'm hurried,"
Added this page, quite flurried,
"Malbrouck is dead and buried!"
And here he shed a tear.

"He 's dead! he 's dead as a herring!
For I beheld his berring,
And four officers transferring
His corpse away from the field.

"One officer carried his sabre,
And he carried it not without labor,
Much envying his next neighbor,
Who only bore a shield.

"The third was helmet-bearer, —
That helmet which on its wearer
Filled all who saw with terror,
And covered a hero's brains.

"Now, having got so far, I
Find that — by the Lord Harry! —
The fourth is left nothing to carry; —
So there the thing remains."

From the French. Tr. Francis Mahoney.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.

ANTWERP.

THEY came unto a Citie farre up land,
The which whylome that Ladies owne had bene;
But now by force extort out of her hand
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleene
Her stately towres and buildings sunny sheene,
Shut up her haven, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people that full rich had beene,
And in her necke a Castle huge had made,
The which did her commaund without needing perswade.

That Castle was the strength of all that State,
Untill that State by strength was pulled downe;
And that same Citie, so now ruinate,
Had bene the keye of all that Kingdomes crowne;
Both goodly Castle, and both goodly Towne,
Till that th' offended heavens list to lowre

Upon their blisse, and balefull fortune frowne.
When those gainst states and kingdomes do coniure,
Who then can thinke their hedlong ruine to recure!

But he had brought it now in servile bond,
And made it beare the yoke of Inquisition,
Stryving long time in vaine it to withstond;
Yet glad at last to make most base submission,
And life enioy for any composition:
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Imposd on it with many a hard condition,
And forced it, the honour that is dew
To God, to doe unto his Idole most untrew.

To him he hath before this Castle Greene
Built a faire chappell, and an altar framed
Of costly ivory full rich beseene,
On which that cursed Idole, farre proclamed,
He hath set up, and him his god hath named;
Offring to him in sinfull sacrifice
The flesh of men, to Gods owne likenesse framed,
And powring forth their bloud in brutishe wize,
That any yron eyes, to see, it would agrize.

Edmund Spenser.

ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

BE it not mine in these high aisles to tread
Lightly, with scornful or with pitying gaze,
Viewing these worshippers, who on the days
When English fanes are silent as the dead,

Throng kneeling, where yon feeble candles shed
Their flickering light: far rather would I raise
My hands in prayer with them, or join in praise,
Or sit beneath their shrines in humble dread.
Because our being's end is furthered best
Not by the pride of reason, most unjust
When it condemneth, — but by self-distrust,
By mildness, and submission, and arrest
Of sudden judgment: thus we learn to feel
That all are one, and have one wound to heal.

Henry Alford.

THE CARILLON OF ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

IN the pleasant land of Belgium,
Where the Scheldt first seeks the main,
Stands a quaint, old, gabled city,
Fashioned like a town of Spain.

Through that grand old town of Antwerp,
Rich in shows of bygone time,
As on eyesight falls the sunshine,
Bursts the bright cathedral chime.

On the sultry air of summer,
On December's chilling blast,
On the dull blank ear of midnight,
Is that carillon sweetly cast,

Like the golden grain in seed-time,
Scattered with a hopeful care,

That the genial after-season
May produce some harvest there.

Oft forgotten, oft remembered,
Startling, strange, and silent soon,
Lovely, even though neglected,
Like the light of crescent moon.

Where the reveller's song is loudest,
Where dim tapers light the dead,
Where the stranger seeks his chamber,
Steals that cadence overhead.

Where the monk is at his vigil,
Where the air is foul with sin,
Where the lonely sick one waketh,
That old chime strays softly in.

To the vile, in notes of warning, —
Chiding tones that seldom cease, —
To the sad, in words of solace,
To the pure, in thoughts of peace.

O'er the city, o'er the river,
Through each quarter of the town,
Through each day, and through each season,
Rains that frequent music down.

Even across the parting ocean,
In still chambers of the brain,
At this moment, through the silence,
Breaks that magic sound again.

Like the carillon softly chiming,
Soothing, gentle as its fall,
Is the ceaseless dole of mercy,
Unperceived, that comes to all.

And our nobler life is nourished,
As we count the beads of time,
By pure hopes, and aspirations
Sweeter than that minster chime.

O, 't is well to pause and listen
To those benisons in the air,
As we tread life's busy pathway,
That salute us everywhere.

Anonymous.

THE ANTWERP IMAGE-BREAKERS.

YESTERNIGHT I shot ten down,
Monday clove a shaven crown —
That beat all; but — gelden loo! —
I quite forgot the other two.

Now the old kirk is alight,
It will flare all through the night, —
Altars, crucifix, and shrine:
Curse the Mass and drink this wine.

Pile the chasubles and copes, —
Why, here 's clothes for fifty Popes!
How the incense stinks! but whesh! —
That 's the greasy abbot's flesh.

Burn the mass-books, red and gold, —
Here 's a Breviary, — but hold!
Scorch the Fathers, twenty score:
They will build the fire up more.

Break the benches, Orangemann
Here's a work for Lutheran.
Hoog and Hendrick, mind the fire —
Hear it bellow in the choir!

Cratz and Henders, hew the roof;
Toppler, 'ware the beams, and Hoof!
Let the saints go — what a roar!
Hell has got five Papists more!

"Here 's a priest we caught at prayer!"
Would the rascal had more hair!
Then we 'd hang him to the vane,
There to bleach in sun and rain.

Tie the match-cord round his thumb,
Take this scarf and gag him dumb.
When I fire my pistol off,
Drag the Papist to the trough.

Scoop me out this diamond eye:
Holy Virgin jewels? Fie!
See that saint in cloth of gold; —
Paul made tents, so we are told.

Chop that screen up; lop the throne, —
Only Popes should sit alone;

Smash that blood-red window-pane:
Black Rome's loss is Fleming's gain.

Shout! — the smoke comes, — brothers, shout!
And the quick fire-tongues leap out.
Ha! the nave has got it — loo!
And the roof is catching too!

Now the end of all begins, —
Heaven helps their many sins.
Down the beams crash through the dark!
What a splash of smoke and spark!

Three monks cower beside the bell,
Nearly red-hot; faster swell,
Stifling smoke-cloud, so it smother
One by one each praying brother.

Hoo! the old pile 's gone at last!
One had thought it would stand fast.
Hurrah! for the Pope's nest burnt!
Is n't our day's pay well earnt?

Walter Thornbury.

ANTWERP.

WHEN pilgrim thoughts retrace their way
Where the lone warder, Memory, waits,
Again as in a bygone day,
I stand by Antwerp's ancient gates.

The selfsame scene my vision greets,
The ivied towers, the blackened walls;
And o'er the long and winding streets
The sunset's golden glory falls.

I pause where Rubens silent stands,
Amid the city's busy mart,
With soul-lit brow, and folded hands,
Of Antwerp's noblest fame a part.

I meet again each Flemish face,
Which well might be the painter's theme;
Nor softer eyes nor purer grace
Could haunt the poet's raptured dream.

I seek the haunts old painters sought,
Where Teniers wooed divinest art;
The spot where Quintin Matsys wrought
For Love and Fame with giant heart.

The summer's brightest sunbeams gleam
O'er hoary towers from smiling skies,
And o'er the Scheldt's delicious stream
A golden path of ripples lies.

Then as those gleams of beauty fade
And soften into twilight time,
Slow stealing through the gathering shade,
I hear the bells of vesper chime.

Down from the old cathedral tower
Their notes of dream-like music fall,

The holiest voices of the hour,
And welcomed like an angel's call.

I mingle with the crowd once more,
As in that vesper hour gone by;
And following through the arched door,
I pause amid them silently.

Through fretted arches high and dim,
I hear the organ's mighty swells,
The chorus of the chanted hymn,
And over all, the chiming bells.

The white-robed priests, the murmured prayer,
The wreathing incense o'er the crowd,
The shadowy forms of sculpture rare,
The groups in silent worship bowed.

The pictures shining through the shades,
Touched by the sunset's fading glow,
The misty light through long arcades,
The checkered marble just below.

These touch me with a dreamy spell,
As 'neath a seraph's wing I bow;
These lips of mine can never tell
The silent awe that thrills me now.

The vision fades, the ancient towers
In evening shadows fade away,
Again as in the bygone hours,
I turn upon my pilgrim way.

O Antwerp! for that hour's dear sake
I keep thy golden memories yet;
This heart of mine must chill or break,
Ere I thy loveliness forget.

Elizabeth G. Barber.

Bruges.

THE FROLICKSOME DUKE, OR THE TINKER'S GOOD FORTUNE.

THE following ballad is upon the same subject as the Induction to Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew"; whether it may be thought to have suggested the hint to the dramatic poet, or is not rather of later date, the reader must determine. The story is told of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy.

NOW as fame does report, a young duke keeps a court,
One that pleases his fancy with frolicksome sport:
But amongst all the rest, here is one I protest,
Which will make you to smile when you hear the true jest:
A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the ground,
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swound.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard, and Ben,
Take him home to my palace, we 'll sport with him then:
O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd
To the palace, altho' he was poorly arrai'd:
Then they stript off his cloaths, both his shirt, shoes, and hose,
And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over durt,
They did give him clean holland, this was no great hurt;
On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his crown.
In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,
For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state,
Till at last knights and squires they on him did wait;
And the chamberling bare, then did likewise declare,
He desired to know what apparel he 'd ware;
The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
And admired how he to this honour was rais'd.

Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich suit,
Which he straitways put on without longer dispute;
With a star on his side, which the tinker offt ey'd,
And it seem'd for to swell him, no little with pride;
For he said to himself, Where is Joan my sweet wife?
Sure she never did see me so fine in her life.

From a convenient place, the right duke his good grace
Did observe his behaviour in every case.
To a garden of state, on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets sounding before him: thought he, this is great:
Where an hour or two, pleasant walks he did view,
With commanders and squires in scarlet and blew.

A fine dinner was drest, both for him and his guests,
He was plac'd at a table above all the rest,

In a rich chair or bed, lin'd with fine crimson red,
With a rich golden canopy over his head:
As he sat at his meat, the musick play'd sweet,
With the choicest of singing his joys to compleat.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary with sherry and tent superfine.
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,
Till at last he began for to tumble and roul
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did snore,
Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordain, they should strip him amain,
And restore him his old leather garments again:
'T was a point next the worst, yet perform it they must,
And they carry'd him strait, where they found him at first;
Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might;
But when he did waken, his joys took their flight.

For his glory to him so pleasant did seem,
That he thought it to be but a meer golden dream;
Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he sought
For a pardon, as fearing he had set him at nought;
But his highness he said, Thou 'rt a jolly bold blade,
Such a frolick before I think never was plaid.

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloak,
Which he gave for the sake of this frolicksome joak;

Nay, and five-hundred pound, with ten acres of ground,
Thou shalt never, said he, range the counteries round,
Crying old brass to mend, for I 'll be thy good friend,
Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my duchess attend.

Then the tinker reply'd, What! must Joan my sweet bride
Be a lady in chariots of pleasure to ride?
Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at command?
Then I shall be a squire I well understand:
Well I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace,
I was never before in so happy a case.

Percy's Reliques.

BRUGES.

I.

BRUGES I saw attired with golden light
(Streamed from the west) as with a robe of power:
The splendor fled; and now the sunless hour,
That, slowly making way for peaceful night,
Best suits with fallen grandeur, to my sight
Offers the beauty, the magnificence,
And sober graces, left her for defence
Against the injuries of time, the spite
Of fortune, and the desolating storms
Of future war. Advance not, — spare to hide,
O gentle power of darkness! these mild hues;
Obscure not yet these silent avenues
Of stateliest architecture, where the forms
Of nun-like females, with soft motion, glide:

II.

THE Spirit of Antiquity — enshrined
In sumptuous buildings, vocal in sweet song,
In picture, speaking with heroic tongue,
And with devout solemnities entwined —
Mounts to the seat of grace within the mind:
Hence forms that glide with swan-like ease along;
Hence motions, even amid the vulgar throng,
To an harmonious decency confined:
As if the streets were consecrated ground,
The city one vast temple, dedicate
To mutual respect in thought and deed;
To leisure, to forbearances sedate;
To social cares from jarring passions freed;
A deeper peace than that in deserts found!

William Wordsworth.

INCIDENT AT BRUGES.

IN Bruges town is many a street
Whence busy life hath fled;
Where, without hurry, noiseless feet
The grass-grown pavement tread.
There heard we, halting in the shade
Flung from a convent-tower,
A harp that tuneful prelude made
To a voice of thrilling power.

The measure, simple truth to tell,
Was fit for some gay throng;
Though from the same grim turret fell
The shadow and the song.

When silent were both voice and chords,
The strain seemed doubly dear,
Yet sad as sweet, — for English words
Had fallen upon the ear.

It was a breezy hour of eve;
And pinnacle and spire
Quivered and seemed almost to heave,
Clothed with innocuous fire;
But, where we stood, the setting sun
Showed little of his state;
And, if the glory reached the nun,
'T was through an iron grate.

Not always is the heart unwise,
Nor pity idly born,
If even a passing stranger sighs
For them who do not mourn.
Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,
Captive, whoe'er thou be!
O, what is beauty, what is love,
And opening life to thee?

Such feeling pressed upon my soul,
A feeling sanctified
By one soft trickling tear that stole
From the maiden at my side;
Less tribute could she pay than this,
Borne gayly o'er the sea,
Fresh from the beauty and the bliss
Of English liberty?

William Wordsworth.

BRUGES.

THE season of her splendor is gone by,
Yet everywhere its monuments remain:
Temples which rear their stately heads on high,
Canals that intersect the fertile plain,
Wide streets and squares, with many a court and hall,
Spacious and undefaced, but ancient all.

Time hath not wronged her, nor hath Ruin sought
Rudely her splendid structures to destroy,
Save in those recent days with evil fraught,
When Mutability, in drunken joy
Triumphant, and from all restraint released,
Let loose the fierce and many-headed beast.

But for the scars in that unhappy rage
Inflicted, firm she stands and undecayed;
Like our first sires', a beautiful old age
Is hers, in venerable years arrayed;
And yet to her benignant stars may bring
What fate denies to man, — a second spring.

When I may read of tilts in days of old,
And tourneys graced by chieftains of renown,
Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors bold,
If Fancy would portray some stately town,
Which for such pomp fit theatre should be,
Fair Bruges, I shall then remember thee.

Nor did thy landscape yield me less delight,
  Seen from the deck as slow it glided by,
Or when beneath us, from thy Belfry's height,
  Its boundless circle met the bending sky;
The waters smooth and straight, thy proper boast,
And lines of roadside trees in long perspective lost.

No happier landscape may on earth be seen,
  Rich gardens all around and fruitful groves,
White dwellings trim relieved with lively green,
  The pollard that the Flemish painter loves,
With aspens tall and poplars fair to view,
Casting o'er all the land a gray and willowy hue.

Robert Southey.

CARILLON.

IN the ancient town of Bruges,
  In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the Belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor
Calmly answering their sweet anger,
When the wrangling bells had ended,
Slowly struck the clock eleven,

And from out the silent heaven
Silence on the town descended.
Silence, silence everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
Save that footsteps here and there,
Of some burgher home returning,
By the street-lamps faintly burning,
For a moment woke the echoes
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers
Still I heard those magic numbers,
As they loud proclaimed the flight
And stolen marches of the night;
Till their chimes in sweet collision
Mingled with each wandering vision,
Mingled with the fortune-telling
Gypsy-bands of dreams and fancies,
Which amid the waste expanses
Of the silent land of trances
Have their solitary dwelling:
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes
Are the poet's airy rhymes,
All his rhymes and roundelays,
His conceits and songs and ditties,
From the belfry of his brain,
Scattered downward, though in vain,
On the roofs and stones of cities!

For by night the drowsy ear
Under its curtains cannot hear,
And by day men go their ways,
Hearing the music as they pass,
But deeming it no more, alas!
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,
Lodging at some humble inn
In the narrow lanes of life,
When the dusk and hush of night
Shut out the incessant din
Of daylight and its toil and strife,
May listen with a calm delight
To the poet's melodies,
Till he hears or dreams he hears,
Intermingled with the song,
Thoughts that he has cherished long;
Hears amid the chime and singing
The bells of his own village ringing,
And wakes, and finds his slumberous eyes
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,
Listening with a wild delight
To the chimes that through the night
Rang their changes from the Belfry
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

IN the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still it watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapors gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high;
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden
times,
With their strange, unearthly changes rang the melan-
choly chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns
sing in the choir;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chant-
ing of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled
my brain;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth
again;

All the Foresters of Flanders, — mighty Baldwin Bras
de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dam-
pierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days
of old;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore
the Fleece of Gold.

Lombard and Venetian merchants, with deep-laden
argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp
and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the
ground;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and
hound;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with
the queen,
And the armed guard around them, and the sword un-
sheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs
of Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods
moving west,
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Drag-
on's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with
terror smote;
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's
throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike
of sand,
"I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the
land!"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened
city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their
graves once more.

Hours had passed away, like minutes; and, before I was
aware,
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illumined
square.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE NUPTIALS OF MAXIMILIAN AND MARY OF BURGUNDY.

AT Bruges in the minster, on columns and on shrines,
From thousand candelabras, a wondrous radiance shines:
Bands of priests in splendid garments defile beneath its arches,
While without a lordly company to the Cathedral marches.

Borne loftily before them the double banner streams,
Where Burgundy's gold lily-wreath on Austria's purple gleams:
Very strong is the alliance of such people and such lands,
But the wreath to which the lovers turn twines firmer, stronger bands.

From seventy lands a herald bears the banner of each land,
Of knights in shining armor, a noble blooming band;
They ride in earnest silence, by God's breath circled round,
While the horses stamp and neigh and the rattling arms resound.

White as the foam of fountains, many hundred horses prance,
On helmets and on lances the green sprays float and dance;

Many hundred armors glisten, as the snow in moonlight gleams,
And harp-strings make a music, like the ripples of the streams.

If a sea-gull, sweeping over it, in the air should chance to be,
He would dive to bathe his plumage in such a silver sea;
The nightingale whose threnody from yon balcony trills
Would think the space beneath him a grove of laurel fills.

* * *

In the house of God his blessing the gray-haired Bishop spake,
And the plain gold rings of wedlock, bride and bridegroom give and take;
Then snapped the ring of one of them, — it boded nothing good, —
And the light of an acolyte went out who at the altar stood.

With myriad stars the canopy of heaven was lit that night,
But the lights by far outnumbered them that made all Bruges bright,
And if you cannot read the scroll that God wrote in the sky,
You may read on the town-house written a plain transparency:

"In marriage, happy Austria, not in arms thy fortunes be;
Mars gives to others kingdoms that Venus gives to thee."
Max and Mary's names thereunder inscribed in colored light,
Did they see them? History tells not if they saw the scroll that night.

Graf von Auersperg. Tr. J. O. Sargent.

THE HERON CHASE.

WHEN spring again encircles the earth in her genial embrace,
There rides from the gates of Bruges a party for the chase;
Full many handsome falconers on shapely coursers ride,
And withal the beautiful duchess by her loving husband's side.

On her arm there sat a falcon. From the whiteness of his vest
At court they gave him the title of Dominican in jest:
His head a black hood covered, a silver collar he wore,
Which the inscription "Upwards" in golden letters bore.

A desolate heath outstretches, of bloom and verdure bare,
Where only thorn-bushes flourish, in patches here and there:

On the left the bath of the herons, a little fish-pond, lay,
And here they wash their plumage, and thus their haunt betray.

There 's a rush into the water, and a scream from the crackling reeds,
And a flight of frightened herons to the right and left succeeds,
The vigorous falcons circling from the wrists of the hunters fly,
And mount, as the thoughts of man mount, to the azure of the sky.

And the eye of every hunter follows his falcon's flight,
As in its aerial circles it sweeps to the left and the right;
Alertly in all directions the eager hunters move,
The earth beneath them trembles, clouds of dust are whirled above.

But see with mane all streaming there runs a riderless horse,
How it snorts! how with fright it quivers! how it springs on its tangled course!
Hold on! Seize the reins of the runaway! How and where fell the rider? Alas!
There lies the beautiful duchess — and there is the blood-stained grass!

She leans her pallid countenance upon her husband's breast,
As white as the evening cloud is when the last flush fades in the west;

Ah! how from life's genial sources the precious red
streams start!
Alas! how richly blossoms the crimson rose of her
heart!

A pair of weeping children, a sister and a brother,
Bend like twin angels, tenderly, over the pale, dead
mother;
So bend twin dewy rosebuds on the same parent spray,
Over the mother flower that storm-stricken fades away!

His head downcast in sadness, where her blood the
green turf stains,
By her side the white Dominican with mournful look
remains;
Would you know his little motto? he had been her
own apt scholar,
"Upwards!" in golden letters still gleams upon his
collar.

Graf von Auersperg. Tr. J. O. Sargent.

THE GUILDS.

THE guild-masters of Bruges sat by cards and wine
and song,
The sailor, smith, and dyer had sat there all day long;
And Coppenoll, the cobbler, from Ghent, was present
too;
He bawled in council the loudest, and made the mean-
est shoe

The cobbler spake: "My masters, know ye the news
to-night?
The king is coming to Candlemas, God grant, Let there
be light!"
At this the dyer stealthily peeps in the cards of the
smith,
Meanwhile of a fine old carol he is merrily humming the
pith.

"A little king there once was, — a marmot, you may
say, —
Of work he had his hands full, for he slept both night
and day;
At night, because 't is the fashion in life to sleep by night,
And by day because his slumbers had fatigued and
tired him quite."

Then spake the smith: "This Max here is made of
the right stuff;
He was always a gallant fellow, and I like him well
enough;
But all the lords his courtiers with hoofs of iron prance,
And on the corns of the people they love to tread and
dance."

With a sly chuckle the cobbler the smith on the shoul-
ders hit,
"I should like to make their boots for them, — I 'd
give them a tight fit."
Then the dyer slapped on the table and tossed off his
stoup of wine,
And roared, — "The King of Clubs, bravo! the Knave
of Diamonds is mine."

Then the sailor dashed in anger his cards upon the floor, —
"A god-forsaken life it is you people live on shore;
Damme! It always happens the knave is trumped by the king":
All spring up in confusion, stools tumble, and glasses ring.

Then cried the smith, "A sceptre, forsooth, is a sorry thing;
For me such work would not answer, but 't will do well enough for a king."
Then the dyer, — "At home there lie mouldering many red rags of my own,
Which, hung on the stool of the cobbler, would make it as fine as a throne."

Stood Coppenoll the cobbler, who gravely shook his head,
Oppressed with thought, and, muttering, thus to himself he said, —
"Respublica but recently has rubbed a hole in her shoe,
And Master Coppenoll reckons the cobbling 's for him to do.

"These kings — who gives the sceptre, gentlemen, into their hands?
He who reigns in the heavens. He also created their lands.
The Netherlands we have created, by our own labor and pains,
So the right of choosing our master in our own hands remains."

"Bravo! thou gallant master! thou shalt our leader be."
So the others fall into chorus, and all shout clamorously;
Out of the doors they tumble, the towers and steeples gain,
And set the bells ringing the tocsin, and howl like a hurricane.

In the market-place already the guilds their banners flaunted,
And all the guild companions under them stood undaunted;
Then first began in a whisper, then louder and louder to roll,
From the mouth of the people and head-men, "Our leader be Coppenoll!"

In the streets and squares there's a shouting, there's a howl and a roar and a rush,
They ply the hammer and pickaxe, and the kingly columns crush;
Many the sceptres of iron, and the crowns that yield to their blows,
With many a king's wooden noddle and many a stony lord's nose.

Graf von Auersperg. Tr. J. O. Sargent.

Brussels.

WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capitol had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No; 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet, —
But, hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear;

And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, — "The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes: —
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,

Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave, — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms, — the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red burial blent!

Lord Byron.

BRUSSELS.

WHERE might a gayer spectacle be found
Than Brussels offered on that festive night,
Her squares and palaces irradiate round
To welcome the imperial Moscovite,
Who now, the wrongs of Europe twice redressed,
Came there a welcome and a glorious guest?

Her mile-long avenue with lamps was hung,
Innumerous, which diffused a light like day;
Where through the line of splendor old and young
Paraded all in festival array;
While fiery barges, plying to and fro,
Illumined as they moved the liquid glass below.

By day with hurrying crowds the streets were thronged,
To gain of this great Czar a passing sight;
And music, dance, and banquetings prolonged
The various work of pleasure through the night.
You might have deemed, to see that joyous town,
That wretchedness and pain were there unknown.

Robert Southey.

BRUSSELS.

THE peaceful moon sheds downward from the sky
Upon the sleeping city her soft light;
Lines of storm-laden vapor heavily
From the low north advance upon the night;

The minster-towers are seen in vision bright
In front, distinct with fretted tracery;
And long glades stretch beneath this giddy height,
Dappled with shadows dark of tower and tree.
Such wert thou, Brussels, when I gazed on thee:
Thou, at whose name the circumstance of war
Rose to my youthful fancy; now no more
A sound to move to tears; to memory
Henceforth, as ever unto freedom, dear,
In virtue of this night so soft and clear.

Henry Alford.

Fontenoy.

BATTLE OF FONTENOY, 1745.

THRICE, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column failed,
And twice the lines of Saint Antoine the Dutch in vain assailed;
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
And well they swept the English ranks, and Dutch auxiliary.
As vainly, through De Barri's wood, the British soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed.
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,

And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
Their cannon blaze in front and flank; Lord Hay is at their head;
Steady they step adown the slope, steady they climb the hill;
Steady they load, steady they fire, moving right onward still,
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace-blast,
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering fast;
And on the open plain above they rose, and kept their course,
With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force:
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks, —
They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
Bombshell, and grape, and round-shot tore, still on they marched and fired, —

Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.
"Push on, my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried;
To death they rush, but rude their shock, — not unavenged they died.
On through the camp the column trod, — King Louis turns his rein:
"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "The Irish troops remain";
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.

* * *

Thomas Davis.

Franchimont.

FRANCHIMONT.

DIDST e'er, dear Heber, pass along
Beneath the towers of Franchemont,
Which, like an eagle's nest in air,
Hangs o'er the stream and hamlet fair?
Deep in their vaults, the peasants say,
A mighty treasure buried lay,
Amassed, through rapine and through wrong,
By the last lord of Franchemont.
The iron chest is bolted hard,
A huntsman sits, its constant guard;
Around his neck his horn is hung,

His hanger in his belt is slung;
Before his feet his bloodhounds lie:
An 't were not for his gloomy eye,
Whose withering glance no heart can brook,
As true a huntsman doth he look,
As bugle e'er in brake did sound,
Or ever hollooed to a hound.
To chase the fiend, and win the prize,
In that same dungeon ever tries
An aged Necromantic priest;
It is an hundred years, at least,
Since 'twixt them first the strife begun,
And neither yet has lost or won.
And oft the conjurer's words will make
The stubborn demon groan and quake;
And oft the bands of iron break,
Or bursts one lock, that still amain,
Fast as 't is opened, shuts again.
That magic strife within the tomb
May last until the day of doom,
Unless the adept shall learn to tell
The very word that clenched the spell,
When Franch'mont locked the treasure-cell.
An hundred years are past and gone,
And scarce three letters has he won.

Sir Walter Scott.

Ghent.

MARY AMBREE.

WHEN captaines couragious, whom death cold not daunte,
Did march to the siege of the citty of Gaunt,
They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,
And the formost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major was slaine in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
Because he was slaine most treacherouslie,
Then vowd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herselfe from the top to the toe
In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to showe;
A faire shirt of male then slipped on shee;
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

A helmett of proofe shee strait did provide,
A strong arminge sword shee girt by her side,
On her hand a goodly faire gauntlett put shee;
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Then tooke shee her sworde and her targett in hand
Bidding all such, as wold, bee of her band;
To wayte on her person came thousand and three:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

My soldiers, she saith, soe valiant and bold,
Nowe followe your captaine, whom you doe beholde;
Still formost in battel myself will I bee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Then cryed out her souldiers, and loude they did say,
Soe well thou becomest this gallant array,
Thy harte and thy weapons soe well do agree,
There was none ever like Mary Ambree.

Shee cheared her souldiers, that foughten for life,
With ancyent and standard, with drum and with fife,
With brave clanging trumpetts, that sounded so free;
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Before I will see the worst of you all
To come into danger of death, or of thrall,
This hand and this life I will venture so free:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Shee led upp her souldiers in battaile array,
Gainst three times theyr number by breake of the daye;
Seven howers in skirmish continued shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

She filled the skyes with the smoke of her shott,
And her enemyes bodyes with bullets soe hoot;
For one of her owne men a score killed shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent,
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,

Straight with her keen weapon shee slasht him in three:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Being falselye betrayed for lucre of hyre,
At length she was forced to make a retyre;
Then her souldiers into a strong castle drew shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

* * *

Then to her owne country shee backe did returne,
Still holding the foes of faire England in scorne:
Therfore English captaines of every degree
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

Percy's Reliques.

THE EMPEROR'S GLOVE.

"COMBIEN faudrait-il de peaux d'Espagne pour faire un gant de cette grandeur?"—a play upon the words *gant*, a glove, and *Gand*, the French for Ghent.

ON St. Bavon's tower, commanding
Half of Flanders, his domain,
Charles the Emperor was standing,
While beneath him on the landing
Stood Duke Alva and his train.

Like a print in books of fables,
Or a model made for show,
With its pointed roofs and gables,
Dormer windows, scrolls and labels,
Lay the city far below.

Through its squares and streets and alleys
Poured the populace of Ghent;
As a routed army rallies,
Or as rivers run through valleys,
Hurrying to their homes they went.

"Nest of Lutheran misbelievers!"
Cried Duke Alva as he gazed;
"Haunt of traitors and deceivers,
Stronghold of insurgent weavers,
Let it to the ground be razed!"

On the Emperor's cap the feather
Nods, as, laughing, he replies:
"How many skins of Spanish leather
Think you, would, if stitched together,
Make a glove of such a size?"

Anonymous.

GHENT.

EUROPE can boast no richer, goodlier scene
Than that through which our pleasant passage lay,
By fertile fields and fruitful gardens green,
The journey of a short autumnal day;
Sleek well-fed steeds our steady vessel drew,
The heavens were fair, and Mirth was of our crew.

Along the smooth canal's unbending line,
Beguiling time with light discourse, we went,

Nor wanting savory food nor generous wine.
Ashore too there was feast and merriment;
The jovial peasants at some village fair
Were dancing, drinking, smoking, gambling there.

Of these, or of the ancient towers of Ghent
Renowned, I must not tarry now to tell;
Of picture or of church or monument;
Nor how we mounted to that ponderous bell,
The Belfroy's boast, which bears old Roland's name,
Nor yields to Oxford Tom, or Tom of Lincoln's fame.

Nor of that sisterhood whom to their rule
Of holy life no hasty vows restrain,
Who, meek disciples of the Christian school,
Watch by the bed of sickness and of pain:
O, what a strength divine doth Faith impart
To inborn goodness in the female heart!

Robert Southey.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through:
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'T was moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld 't was morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault 's not in her,

We 'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick
wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering
knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they 'll greet us!" — and all in a moment his
roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad
or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,

And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
from Ghent.

Robert Browning.

THE PLATFORM OF ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH.

THERE lies a sleeping city. God of dreams!
What an unreal and fantastic world
Is going on below!
Within the sweep of yon encircling wall,
How many a large creation of the night,
Wide wilderness and mountain, rock and sea,
Peopled with busy transitory groups,
Finds room to rise, and never feels the crowd!
If when the shows had left the dreamers' eyes
They should float upward visibly to mine,
How thick with apparitions were that void!
But now the blank and blind profundity
Turns my brain giddy with a sick aversion.

Henry Taylor.

A TOMB IN GHENT.

A SMILING look she had, a figure slight,
With cheerful air, and step both quick and light,
A strange and foreign look the maiden bore,
That suited the quaint Belgian dress she wore;
Yet the blue fearless eyes in her fair face,

And her soft voice told her of English race;
And ever, as she flitted to and fro,
She sang (or murmured, rather), soft and low,
Snatches of song, as if she did not know
That she was singing, but the happy load
Of dream and thought thus from her heart o'erflowed:
And while on household cares she passed along,
The air would bear me fragments of her song;
Not such as village maidens sing, and few
The framers of her changing music knew;
Chants such as heaven and earth first knew of when
Allegri and Marcello held the pen.
But I with awe had often turned the page,
Yellow with time, and half defaced by age,
And listened, with an ear not quite unskilled,
While heart and soul to the grand echo thrilled;
And much I marvelled, as her cadence fell
From the Laudate, that I knew so well,
Into Scarlatti's minor fugue, how she
Had learned such deep and solemn harmony.
But what she told I set in rhyme, as meet
To chronicle the influence, dim and sweet,
'Neath which her young and innocent life had grown:
Would that my words were simple as her own.

Many years since an English workman went
Over the seas, to seek a home in Ghent,
Where English skill was prized, nor toiled in vain;
Small, yet enough, his hard-earned daily gain.
He dwelt alone, in sorrow or in pride
He mixed not with the workers by his side:

He seemed to care but for one present joy, —
To tend, to watch, to teach his sickly boy.
Severe to all beside, yet for the child
He softened his rough speech to soothings mild;
For him he smiled, with him each day he walked
Through the dark gloomy streets; to him he talked
Of home, of England, and strange stories told
Of English heroes in the days of old;
And (when the sunset gilded roof and spire)
The marvellous tale which never seemed to tire:
How the gilt dragon, glaring fiercely down
From the great belfry, watching all the town,
Was brought, a trophy of the wars divine,
By a Crusader from far Palestine,
And given to Bruges; and how Ghent arose,
And how they struggled long as deadly foes,
Till Ghent, one night, by a brave soldier's skill,
Stole the great dragon, and she keeps it still.
One day the dragon — so 't is said — will rise,
Spread his bright wings, and glitter in the skies,
And over desert lands and azure seas
Will seek his home mid palm and cedar trees.
So, as he passed the belfry every day,
The boy would look if it were flown away;
Each day surprised to find it watching there,
Above him, as he crossed the ancient square
To seek the great cathedral, that had grown
A home for him, — mysterious and his own.

Dim with dark shadows of the ages past,
St. Bavon stands, solemn and rich and vast:

The slender pillars in long vistas spread,
Like forest arches meet and close o'erhead
So high, that like a weak and doubting prayer,
Ere it can float to the carved angels there,
The silver clouded incense faints in air;
Only the organ's voice, with peal on peal,
Can mount to where those far-off angels kneel.
Here the pale boy, beneath a low side-arch,
Would listen to its solemn chant or march;
Folding his little hands, his simple prayer
Melted in childish dreams, and both in air;
While the great organ over all would roll,
Speaking strange secrets to his innocent soul,
Bearing on eagle-wings the great desire
Of all the kneeling throng, and piercing higher
Than aught but love and prayer can reach, until
Only the silence seemed to listen still;
Or gathering like a sea still more and more,
Break in melodious waves at heaven's door,
And then fall, slow and soft, in tender rain,
Upon the pleading longing hearts again.

Then he would watch the rosy sunlight glow,
That crept along the marble floor below,
Passing, as life does, with the passing hours,
Now by a shrine all rich with gems and flowers,
Now on the brazen letters of a tomb,
Then, leaving it again to shade and bloom,
And creeping on, to show, distinct and quaint,
The kneeling figure of some marble saint:
Or lighting up the carvings strange and rare,

That told of patient toil and reverent care;
Ivy that trembled on the spray, and ears
Of heavy corn, and slender bulrush spears,
And all the thousand tangled weeds that grow
In summer, where the silver rivers flow;
And demon-heads grotesque, that seemed to glare
In impotent wrath on all the beauty there,
Then the gold rays up pillared shaft would climb,
And so be drawn to heaven at evening time.
And deeper silence, darker shadows flowed
On all around, only the windows glowed
With blazoned glory, like the shields of light
Archangels bear, who, armed with love and might,
Watch upon Heaven's battlements at night.
Then all was shade, the silver lamps that gleamed,
Lost in the daylight, in the darkness seemed
Like sparks of fire in the dim aisles to shine,
Or trembling stars before each separate shrine.
Grown half afraid, the child would leave them there,
And come out, blinded by the noisy glare
That burst upon him from the busy square.

The church was thus his home for rest or play;
And as he came and went again each day
The pictured faces that he knew so well,
Seemed to smile on him welcome and farewell.
But holier, and dearer far than all,
One sacred spot his own he loved to call;
Save at midday, half hidden by the gloom,
The people call it The White Maiden's Tomb:
For there she stands; her folded hands are pressed

Together, and laid softly on her breast,
As if she waited but a word to rise
From the dull earth, and pass to the blue skies;
Her lips expectant part, she holds her breath,
As listening for the angel voice of death.
None know how many years have seen her so,
Or what the name of her who sleeps below.
And here the child would come, and strive to trace,
Through the dim twilight, the pure gentle face
He loved so well, and here he oft would bring
Some violet blossom of the early spring;
And climbing softly by the fretted stand,
Not to disturb her, lay it in her hand;
Or whispering a soft loving message sweet,
Would stoop and kiss the little marble feet.
So, when the organ's pealing music rang,
He thought amid the gloom the Maiden sang;
With reverent simple faith by her he knelt
And listened what she thought and what she felt;
"Glory to God," re-echoed from her voice,
And then his little spirit would rejoice;
Or when the Requiem sobbed upon the air,
His baby-tears dropped with her mournful prayer.

So years fled on, while childish fancies past,
The childish love and simple faith could last.
The artist-soul awoke in him, the flame
Of genius, like the light of Heaven, came
Upon his brain, and (as it will, if true)
It touched his heart, and lit his spirit, too.
His father saw, and with a proud content

Let him forsake the toil where he had spent
His youth's first years, and on one happy day
Of pride, before the old man passed away,
He stood with quivering lips, and the big tears
Upon his cheek, and heard the dream of years
Living and speaking to his very heart, —
The low hushed murmur at the wondrous art
Of him, who with young trembling fingers made
The great church-organ answer as he played,
And, as the uncertain sound grew full and strong,
Rush with harmonious spirit-wings along,
And thrill with master power the breathless throng.

The old man died, and years passed on, and still
The young musician bent his heart and will
To his dear toil. St. Bavon now had grown
More dear to him, and even more his own;
And as he left it every night he prayed
A moment by the archway in the shade,
Kneeling once more within the sacred gloom
Where the White Maiden watched upon her tomb.
His hopes of travel and a world-wide fame
Cold Time had sobered, and his fragile frame;
Content at last only in dreams to roam
Away from the tranquillity of home;
Content that the poor dwellers by his side
Saw in him but the gentle friend and guide,
The patient counsellor in the poor strife
And petty details of their common life, —
Who comforted where woe and grief might fall,
Nor slighted any pain or want as small,
But whose great heart took in and felt for all.

Still he grew famous, — many came to be
His pupils in the art of harmony.
One day a voice floated so pure and free
Above his music, that he turned to see
What angel sang, and saw before his eyes,
What made his heart leap with a strange surprise,
His own White Maiden, calm and pure and mild,
As in his childish dreams she sang and smiled,
Her eyes raised up to Heaven, her lips apart,
And music overflowing from her heart.
But the faint blush that tinged her cheek betrayed
No marble statue, but a living maid;
Perplexed and startled at his wondering look,
Her rustling score of Mozart's Sanctus shook;
The uncertain notes, like birds within a snare,
Fluttered and died upon the trembling air.

Days passed, each morning saw the maiden stand
Her eyes cast down, her lesson in her hand,
Eager to study, never weary, while
Repaid by the approving word or smile
Of her kind master; days and months fled on;
One day the pupil from the choir was gone;
Gone to take light, and joy, and youth once more,
Within the poor musician's humble door;
And to repay, with gentle happy art,
The debt so many owed his generous heart.
And now, indeed, was one who knew and felt
That a great gift of God within him dwelt;
One who could listen, who could understand,
Whose idle work dropped from her slackened hand,

While with wet eyes entranced she stood, nor knew
How the melodious wingéd hours flew;
Who loved his art as none had loved before,
Yet prized the noble tender spirit more.
While the great organ brought from far and near
Lovers of harmony to praise and hear,
Unmarked by aught save what filled every day,
Duty and toil and rest, years passed away;
And now by the low archway in the shade
Beside her mother knelt a little maid,
Who, through the great cathedral learned to roam,
Climb to the choir and bring her father home;
And stand demure, and solemn by his side,
Patient till the last echo softly died,
Then place her little hand in his, and go
Down the dark winding stair to where below
The mother knelt, within the gathering gloom
Waiting and praying by the Maiden's Tomb.

So their life went, until, one winter's day,
Father and child came there alone to pray;
The mother, gentle soul, had fled away!
Their life was altered now, and yet the child
Forgot her passionate grief in time, and smiled,
Half-wondering why, when spring's fresh breezes came,
And summer flowers, he was not the same.
Half guessing at the shadow of his pain,
And then contented if he smiled again,
A sad cold smile, that passed in tears away,
As reassured she ran once more to play.
And now each year that added grace to grace,

Fresh bloom and sunshine to the young girl's face,
Brought a strange light in the musician's eyes,
As if he saw some starry hope arise,
Breaking upon the midnight of sad skies:
It might be so; more feeble year by year,
The wanderer to his resting-place drew near.
One day the Gloria he could play no more,
Echoed its grand rejoicing as of yore,
His hands were clasped, his weary head was laid
Upon the tomb where the White Maiden prayed;
Where the child's love first dawned, his soul first spoke,
The old man's heart there throbbed its last and broke.
The grave cathedral that had nursed his youth,
Had helped his dreaming, and had taught him truth,
Had seen his boyish grief and baby tears,
And watched the sorrows and the joys of years,
Had lit his fame and hope with sacred rays,
And consecrated sad and happy days, —
Had blessed his happiness, and soothed his pain,
Now took her faithful servant home again.

He rests in peace, some travellers mention yet
An organist whose name they all forget:
He has a holier and a nobler fame
By poor men's hearths, who love and bless the name
Of a kind friend; and in low tones to-day
Speak tenderly of him who passed away.
Too poor to help the daughter of their friend,
They grieved to see the little pittance end;
To see her toil and strive with cheerful heart
To bear the lonely orphan's struggling part;

They grieved to see her go at last alone
To English kinsmen she had never known:
And here she came: the foreign girl soon found
Welcome and love and plenty all around,
And here she pays it back with earnest will
By well-taught housewife watchfulness and skill.
Deep in her heart she holds her father's name,
And tenderly and proudly keeps his fame;
And while she works with thrifty Belgian care,
Past dreams of childhood float upon the air;
Some strange old chant, or solemn Latin hymn
That echoed through the old cathedral dim,
When as a little child each day she went
To kneel and pray by an old tomb in Ghent.

Adelaide Anne Procter.

THE GREAT BELL ROLAND.

TOLL! Roland, toll!
High in St. Bavon's tower,
At midnight hour,
The great bell Roland spoke,
And all who slept in Ghent awoke.
What meant its iron stroke?
Why caught each man his blade?
Why the hot haste he made?
Why echoed every street
With tramp of thronging feet,—
All flying to the city's wall?
It was the call,
Known well to all,

That Freedom stood in peril of some foe;
And even timid hearts grew bold,
Whenever Roland tolled,
And every hand a sword could hold:
For men
Were patriots then,
Three hundred years ago!

Toll! Roland, toll!
Bell never yet was hung,
Between whose lips there swung
So true and brave a tongue!
— If men be patriots still,
At thy first sound
True hearts will bound,
Great souls will thrill, —
Then toll! and wake the test
In each man's breast,
And let him stand confessed!

Toll! Roland, toll!
Not in St. Bavon's tower,
At midnight hour, —
Nor by the Scheldt, nor far-off Zuyder Zee;
But here, — this side the sea! —
And here, in broad, bright day!
Toll! Roland, toll!
For not by night awaits
A brave foe at the gates,
But Treason stalks abroad, — inside! — at noon!
Toll! Thy alarm is not too soon!

To arms! Ring out the leader's call!
Re-echo it from east to west,
Till every dauntless breast
Swell beneath plume and crest!
Till swords from scabbards leap!
What tears can widows weep
Less bitter than when brave men fall?
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till cottager from cottage wall
Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun, —
The heritage of sire to son,
Ere half of Freedom's work was done!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till son, in memory of his sire,
Once more shall load and fire!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till volunteers find out the art
Of aiming at a traitor's heart!

Toll! Roland, toll!
St. Bavon's stately tower
Stands to this hour,
And by its side stands Freedom yet in Ghent;
For when the bells now ring,
Men shout, "God save the king!"
Until the air is rent!
Amen! — So let it be;
For a true king is he
Who keeps his people free.
Toll! Roland, toll!
This side the sea!

No longer they, but we,
Have now such need of thee!
Toll! Roland, toll!
And let thy iron throat
Ring out its warning note,
Till Freedom's perils be outbraved,
And Freedom's flag, wherever waved,
Shall overshadow none enslaved!
Toll! till from either ocean's strand
Brave men shall clasp each other's hand,
And shout, "God save our native land!"
And love the land which God hath saved!
Toll! Roland, toll!

Theodore Tilton.

Landen.

HOW SARSFIELD DIED IN GLORY.

'T WAS in that sad and woful year
Of war and famine, death and fear,
When Ireland lowered her banner spear
On Limerick's turrets hoary,
We took to ship and sailed the sea
Unto the shore of Normandie,
And then once more our banner free
Flashed to the ray
In many a fray,
And victor saw that bloody day
When Sarsfield died in glory!

The morn rose red on Landen plain,
King William charged o'er heaps of slain,
And Frenchmen's blood poured out like rain
  Upon the field so gory;
To stem his onset vain they tried,
As on he swept in warlike pride,
Till Luxemburg, our marshal, cried,
    "New force we want
    To bear the brunt,
So bring the Irish to the front!"
  Where Sarsfield died in glory.

Then you should hear our slogan roar,
Loud swell the din of battle o'er,
As forward our battalions bore
  To change the Frenchman's story;
Against the foe our strength we threw,
And mixed us in the bloody brew,
While swords and spears in flinders flew,
    And grape and shot
    And bullets hot
Rained round the crimson, fatal spot
  Where Sarsfield died in glory!

There, like the bolt that from on high
Tears roaring through the storm-wracked sky,
And on the trembling ground anigh
  In thunder bursts before ye;
So our brave chieftain 'neath the ball,
In thundering clangor met his fall,
But rallying at his dying call,

With deafening shout,
Our foemen stout,
We swept away in bloody rout,
Where Sarsfield died in glory!

His hand upon the wound he pressed,
Sad sinking to his final rest,
Then took it from his gallant breast,
With his hot life-blood gory —
"O, would," the dying hero cried,
"That this my heart's ensanguined tide
Had stained some native mountain side
For old Ireland!"
Then dropped his hand,
And midst our tearful, conquering band
Brave Sarsfield died in glory!

Then all good men, where'er you be,
Who fought for Ireland's liberty,
Our hero brave lament with me,
And ponder well his story;
And pray, like him, that you may die
Beneath old Ireland's genial sky,
With Saxon dead piled mountains high,
The spot around
Where you have found
The hero's death on Irish ground
That Sarsfield died in glory!

Robert Dwyer Joyce.

Ligny.

LIGNY.

EASTWARD from hence we struck, and reached the field
Of Ligny, where the Prussian, on that day
By far-outnumbering force constrained to yield,
Fronted the foe, and held them still at bay;
And in that brave defeat acquired fresh claim
To glory, and enhanced his country's fame.

Here was a scene which Fancy might delight
To treasure up among her cherished stores,
And bring again before the inward sight
Often when she recalls the long-past hours:
Well-cultured hill and dale extending wide,
Hamlets and village spires on every side;

The autumnal-tinted groves; the upland mill
Which oft was won and lost amid the fray;
Green pastures watered by the silent rill;
The lordly Castle yielding to decay,
With bridge and barbican and moat and tower,
A fairer sight perchance than when it frowned in power:

The avenue before its ruined gate,
Which when the Castle, suffering less from time
Than havoc, hath foregone its strength and state,
Uninjured flourisheth in nature's prime;
To us a grateful shade did it supply,
Glad of that shelter from the noontide sky.

Robert Southey.

Meuse, the River.

BETWEEŃ NAMUR AND LIÉGE.

WHAT lovelier home could gentle fancy choose?
Is this the stream whose cities, heights, and plains,
War's favorite playground, are with crimson stains
Familiar as the morn with pearly dews?
The morn, that now, along the silver Meuse,
Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the swains
To tend their silent boats and ringing wains,
Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit bestrews
The ripening corn beneath it. As mine eyes
Turn from the fortified and threatening hill,
How sweet the prospect of yon watery glade,
With its gray rocks clustering in pensive shade,
That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise
From the smooth meadow-ground, serene and still!

William Wordsworth.

Namur.

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR.

SAY, have Latona's Son
And Neptune joined their powers
As for Laomedon,

To crown those crags with towers?
Around the famous site
Sambre and Meuse unite
To bar the fatal path;
A hundred throats of iron
The dreadful hills environ,
To belch out flame and death.

Ten thousand warriors wight
Within expect the foe,
Far-slaying flashes light
Their ramparts all aglow,
Along the fatal line
Deep lurks the treacherous mine,
Surcharged with latent fire,
Ready to burst in air,
The sulphurous sepulchre
Of whoso ventures nigher.

* * *

But what hath swollen the Sambre?
'Neath Gemini dismayed,
The cold floods of December
The champaign all invade.
In tears is Ceres fleeing
A prey to Boreas, seeing
Her cornfields harvest-crowned,
And 'neath the Hyades weeping
The Naiads' brown ooze sweeping
O'er all her treasures drowned.

Rage on both war and weather,
Winds, princes, nations, showers,

Band all your clouds together,
Rank all your martial powers:
Yet Namur's battered wall
Beneath the hand shall fall
That conquered Lille, Courtrai,
Ypres, proud Spanish Gand,
St. Omer, Besançon,
Dole, Maestricht, and Cambrai.

My word 's fulfilled: the thunder
Bursts o'er the rocking town,
Beneath the blows in sunder
The walls are crashing down;
In dominant opposition
Mars hurtles demolition;
And in the air each shell,
First up the welkin streaming,
Then falling earthward, seeming
As though 't would open hell.

The town's last hope, close ranks,
Bavaria, Nassau bold!
Secure behind a river's banks
The scene you may behold.
The dreadful glacis mark:
Behold our warriors stark, —
See, up the rocks they strain,
And Louis of the whole
In wave or fire, their soul,
Amid them press amain.

Behold, mid storms of lead
That from the ramparts fly,
The plume, that o'er his head
Attracteth every eye!
The terror-striking star,
That rules the fate of war,
And victory doth bind
Amid the battle gory,
While Mars himself and Glory
Come panting up behind.

Iberia's great defenders
On Mehagne's banks in sight,
Or ere the town surrenders
Go forth and dare the fight.
Beside the affrighted river,
So many warriors never
Were massed for fight before.
Go forth then! what retards you?
The universe regards you;
What! dare you not cross o'er?

Far from opposing barriers
To your uncounted ranks,
Our Luxembourg his warriors
Retireth from the banks.
What! at their sight art cold?
Where are the chiefs so bold
For fight so lately fain,
Who were from Thamis wave,
And the submissive Drave
To seek us by the Seine?

Now fell, while battle sounded,
On Namur double dread,
'Neath his last wall confounded,
Its governor hath fled.
Already steel and flame in hand
To the gates a daring band,
Their course our cohorts take,
O'er piles of weapons strewn
Carcass and brick and stone.
A spacious road they make.

'T is done: I hear the drum,
From those defenceless towers
The signal of surrender 's come,
The fire has ceased. 'T is ours.
Abate your arrogance,
Proud enemies of France,
And bear in humble strain
To Brussels and to Liége,
The tale of Namur's siege,
That 'neath your eyes was ta'en.

* * *

Nicholas Boileau. Tr. John O'Kane.

Ostend.

ON LANDING AT OSTEND.

THE orient beam illumes the parting oar; —
From yonder azure track, emerging white,
The earliest sail slow gains upon the sight,

And the blue wave comes rippling to the shore.
Meantime far off the rear of darkness flies:
Yet mid the beauties of the morn, unmoved,
Like one forever torn from all he loved,
Back o'er the deep I turn my longing eyes,
And chide the wayward passions that rebel:
Yet boots it not to think, or to complain,
Musing sad ditties to the reckless main.
To dreams like these, adieu! the pealing bell
Speaks of the hour that stays not, and the day
To life's sad turmoil calls my heart away.

William Lisle Bowles.

THE BELLS OF OSTEND.

HOW sweet the tuneful bells' responsive peal!
As when, at opening morn, the fragrant breeze
Breathes on the trembling sense of pale disease,
So piercing to my heart their force I feel!
And hark! with lessening cadence now they fall!
And now, along the white and level tide
They fling their melancholy music wide;
Bidding me many a tender thought recall
Of summer days, and those delightful years
When from an ancient tower, in life's fair prime,
The mournful magic of their mingling chime
First waked my wondering childhood into tears!
But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
The sounds of joy once heard, and heard no more.

William Lisle Bowles.

Oudenarde (*Audenarde*).

JACK FRENCHMAN'S LAMENTATION.

In the Dutch accounts of the battle of Oudenarde it is said that the Dukes of Burgundy and Berry, with the Chevalier de St. George, viewed the action at a distance from the top of a steeple, and fled, when the fate of the day turned against the French. Vendome commanded the French upon that occasion. — Scott.

YE Commons and Peers,
Pray lend me your ears,
I 'll sing you a song (if I can),
How Lewis le Grand
Was put to a stand
By the arms of our gracious Queen Anne.

How his army so great
Had a total defeat,
And close by the river Dender;
Where his grandchildren twain,
For fear of being slain,
Galloped off with the Popish Pretender.

To a steeple on high,
The battle to spy,
Up mounted these clever young men;
But when from the spire,
They saw so much fire,
Most cleverly came down again.

Then on horseback they got
All on the same spot,
By advice of their cousin Vendosme,
O Lord! cried out he,
Unto young Burgundy,
Would your brother and you were at home!

While this he did say,
Without more delay,
Away the young gentry fled;
Whose heels for that work
Were much lighter than cork,
Though their hearts were as heavy as lead.

Not so did behave
Young Hanover brave,
In this bloody field I assure ye;
When his war-horse was shot
He valued it not,
But fought it on foot like a fury.

Full firmly he stood,
As became his high blood,
Which runs in his veins so blue;
For this gallant young man,
Being akin to Queen Anne,
Did as (were she a man) she would do.

What a racket was here
(I think 't was last year),
For a little misfortune in Spain!

For by letting 'em win,
We have drawn the puts in,
To lose all they 're worth this campaign.

Though Bruges and Ghent
To Monsieur we lent,
With interest they shall repay 'em;
While Paris may sing,
With her sorrowful king,
Nunc dimittis instead of *Te Deum*.

From this dream of success
They 'll awaken, we guess,
At the sound of great Marlborough's drums;
They may think, if they will,
Of Almanza still,
But 't is Blenheim wherever he comes.

O Lewis perplexed,
What general next!
Thou hast hitherto changed in vain;
He has beat 'em all round,
If no new one 's found,
He shall beat 'em over again.

We 'll let Tallard out
If he 'll take t' other bout;
And much he 's improved, let me tell ye,
With Nottingham ale
At every meal,
And good beef and pudding in belly.

But as losers at play
Their dice throw away,
While the winners do still win on;
Let who will command,
Thou hadst better disband,
For, old Bully, thy doctors are gone.

Jonathan Swift.

Quatre Bras.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE FIELD OF QUATRE BRAS, 1821.

SO bright the sun puts forth his glorious beams,
So fair the field beneath his lustre gleams,
So soft the south-wind wanders o'er the corn,
While on its wing a thousand scents are borne,
So bright and fair, so peaceful and serene,
So soft and calm and undisturbed the scene,
It seems as if no storm had ever rose,
Or e'er could rise, to break its sweet repose.

But on this lovely spot when last I stood,
What was that field? — a theatre of blood!
The war-fiend here unfurled his baleful wing,
Here mocked at pain, and smiled at suffering:
Yelling with joy as each new victim bled,
Gloated his eye on hecatombs of dead;
Steeped his foul pinions in a sea of gore,
And, drenched with slaughter, still demanded more.

Yes, for the blue of yonder cloudless sky,
Above us hung a sulphurous canopy;
For murmuring rill, and carol of the bird,
Were whizzing shot and roaring cannon heard;
Bristled the bayonet, gleamed the deadly glaive,
Where thickest now the golden harvests wave;
Where tender harebells wave in azure bloom,
Floated the pennon with the warrior's plume;
For rural echoes, or the wild bees' hum,
Brayed the hoarse trumpet, rolled the hollow drum;
And where yon meadow's turf most verdant is,
There fell the fiercest of our enemies.

They fell indeed! — but with them what a host
Of conquerors, comrades, brothers, friends, was lost!
What tears bedewed the bodies of the brave,
As sanguine hands consigned them to the grave;
What sobs burst forth as voices joined in prayer,
Which but an hour before had joined the battle there;
What manly bosoms heaved with sorrow's sigh,
Which but an hour before throbbed high in victory!
Alas! among the most deplored of those
Who, wrapped in shrouds of glory, here repose,
Here, on this field, their valor nobly won,
Lies low in earth the gallant Barrington!
O that my feeble hand could justly trace
His manly virtues and his youthful grace; —
O that my feeble pen could trace his eye,
Where sat enshrined the soul of bravery;
Or shew his sword uplifted in the fight,
Dashing through foremost ranks with meteor light. —

Enough, — surrounded by a heap of slain,
He sunk triumphant on the gory plain;
Sudden the silver cord of life was riven,
And the freed spirit sprang at once to Heaven!

Anonymous.

Waterloo.

WATERLOO.

WE do not curse thee, Waterloo!
Though freedom's blood thy plain bedew;
There 't was shed, but is not sunk, —
Rising from each gory trunk,
Like the water-spout from ocean,
With a strong and growing motion, —
It soars and mingles in the air,
With that of lost Labedoyere, —
With that of him whose honored grave
Contains the "bravest of the brave."
A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,
But shall return to whence it rose;
When 't is full, 't will burst asunder, —
Never yet was heard such thunder
As then shall shake the world with wonder, —
Never yet was seen such lightning,
As o'er heaven shall then be brightening!
Like the Wormwood star, foretold
By the sainted seer of old,

Showering down a fiery flood,
Turning rivers into blood.

The chief has fallen, but not by you,
Vanquishers of Waterloo!
When the soldier citizen
Swayed not o'er his fellow-men, —
Save in deeds that led them on
Where glory smiled on freedom's son, —
Who, of all the despots banded,
With that youthful chief competed?
Who could boast o'er France defeated,
Till lone tyranny commanded?
Till, goaded by ambition's sting,
The hero sunk into the king?
Then he fell; — so perish all,
Who would men by man enthrall!

And thou too of the snow-white plume!
Whose realm refused thee even a tomb;
Better hadst thou still been leading
France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,
Than sold thyself to death and shame
For a meanly royal name;
Such as he of Naples wears,
Who thy blood-bought title bears.
Little didst thou deem, when dashing
On thy war-horse through the ranks,
Like a stream which burst its banks,
While helmets cleft, and sabres clashing,
Shone and shivered fast around thee, —

Of the fate at last which found thee:
Was that haughty plume laid low
By a slave's dishonest blow?
Once as the moon sways o'er the tide,
It rolled in air, the warrior's guide;
Through the smoke-created night
Of the black and sulphurous fight,
The soldier raised his seeking eye
To catch that crest's ascendency, —
And as it onward rolling rose
So moved his heart upon our foes.
There, where death's brief pang was quickest,
And the battle's wreck lay thickest,
Strewed beneath the advancing banner
Of the eagle's burning crest, —
(There with thunder-clouds to fan her
Who could then her wing arrest, —
Victory beaming from her breast?)
While the broken line enlarging
Fell, or fled along the plain:
There be sure was Murat charging!
There he ne'er shall charge again!
O'er glories gone the invaders march,
Weeps triumph o'er each levelled arch, —
But let Freedom rejoice,
With her heart in her voice;
Put her hand on her sword,
Doubly shall she be adored;
France hath twice too well been taught
The "moral lesson" dearly bought, —
Her safety sits not on a throne,

With Capet or Napoleon!
But in equal rights and laws,
Hearts and hands in one great cause, —
Freedom, such as God hath given
Unto all beneath his heaven,
With their breath, and from their birth,
Though guilt would sweep it from the earth;
With a fierce and lavish hand
Scattering nations' wealth like sand;
Pouring nations' blood like water,
In imperial seas of slaughter!

But the heart and the mind,
And the voice of mankind,
Shall arise in communion, —
And who shall resist that proud union?
The time is past when swords subdued, —
Man may die, — the soul 's renewed:
Even in this low world of care,
Freedom ne'er shall want an heir:
Millions breathe but to inherit
Her forever bounding spirit, —
When once more her hosts assemble,
Tyrants shall believe and tremble, —
Smile they at this idle threat?
Crimson tears will follow yet.

From the French. Tr. Lord Byron.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

FAIR Brussels, thou art far behind,
Though, lingering on the morning wind,
We yet may hear the hour
Pealed over orchard and canal,
With voice prolonged, and measured fall,
From proud Saint Michael's tower.
Thy wood, dark Soignies, holds us now,
Where the tall beeches' glossy bough
For many a league around,
With birch and darksome oak between,
Spreads deep and far a pathless screen
Of tangled forest-ground.
Stems planted close by stems defy
The adventurous foot, — the curious eye
For access seeks in vain!
And the brown tapestry of leaves,
Strewed on the blighted ground, receives
Nor sun, nor air, nor rain.
No opening glade dawns on our way,
No streamlet, glancing to the ray,
Our woodland path has crossed;
And the straight causeway which we tread
Prolongs a line of dull arcade,
Unvarying through the unvaried shade,
Until in distance lost.

A brighter, livelier scene succeeds;
In groups the scattering wood recedes,

Hedgerows, and huts, and sunny meads,
And cornfields glance between;
The peasant, at his labor blithe,
Plies the hooked staff and shortened scythe;
But when these ears were green,
Placed close within destruction's scope,
Full little was that rustic's hope
Their ripening to have seen!
And lo! a hamlet and its fane:
Let not the gazer with disdain
Their architecture view;
For yonder rude ungraceful shrine
And disproportioned spire are thine,
Immortal Waterloo!

* * *

Ay, look again, — that line so black
And trampled marks the bivouac,
Yon deep-graved ruts, the artillery's track,
So often lost and won;
And close beside, the hardened mud
Still shows where, fetlock-deep in blood,
The fierce dragoon, through battle's flood,
Dashed the hot war-horse on.
These spots of excavation tell
The ravage of the bursting shell, —
And feel'st thou not the tainted steam,
That reeks against the sultry beam,
From yonder trenched mound?
The pestilential fumes declare
That Carnage has replenished there
Her garner-house profound.

* * *

Pale Brussels! then what thoughts were thine,
When ceaseless from the distant line
Continued thunders came!
Each burgher held his breath to hear
These forerunners of havoc near,
Of rapine and of flame.
What ghastly sights were thine to meet,
When rolling through thy stately street,
The wounded show their mangled plight
In token of the unfinished fight,
And from each anguish-laden wain
The blood-drops laid thy dust like rain!
How often in the distant drum
Heard'st thou the fell invader come,
While Ruin, shouting to his band,
Shook high her torch and gory brand! —
Cheer thee, fair city! from yon stand,
Impatient, still his outstretched hand
Points to his prey in vain,
While maddening in his eager mood,
And all unwont to be withstood
He fires the fight again.

* * *

On came the whirlwind, — like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest blast, —
On came the whirlwind, — steel gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke.
The war was waked anew;
Three hundred cannon-mouths roared loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.

Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rushed on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lancer couched his ruthless spear,
And hurrying as to havoc near,
The cohorts' eagles flew.
In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
The advancing onset rolled along,
Forth harbingered by fierce acclaim,
That from the shroud of smoke and flame
Pealed wildly the imperial name.

* * *

Farewell, sad field! whose blighted face
Wears desolation's withering trace;
Long shall my memory retain
Thy shattered huts and trampled grain,
With every mark of martial wrong,
That scathe thy towers, fair Hougoumont!
Yet though thy garden's green arcade
The marksman's fatal post was made,
Though on thy shattered beeches fell
The blended rage of shot and shell,
Though from thy blackened portals torn,
Their fall thy blighted fruit-trees mourn,
Has not such havoc bought a name
Immortal in the rolls of fame?
Yes, — Agincourt may be forgot,
And Cressy be an unknown spot,
And Blenheim's name be new;
But still in story and in song,
For many an age remembered long,
Shall live the towers of Hougoumont,
And field of Waterloo. *Sir Walter Scott.*

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

NIGHT and morning were at meeting
Over Waterloo:
Cocks had sung their earliest greeting,
Faint and low they crew,
For no paly beam yet shone
On the heights of Mount Saint John;
Tempest-clouds prolonged the sway
Of timeless darkness over day;
Whirlwind, thunder-clap, and shower
Marked it a predestined hour.
Broad and frequent through the night
Flashed the sheets of levin-light:
Muskets, glancing lightnings back,
Showed the dreary bivouac
Where the soldier lay,
Chill and stiff, and drenched with rain,
Wishing dawn of morn again,
Though death should come with day.
'T is at such a tide and hour,
Wizard, witch, and fiend have power,
And ghastly forms through mist and shower,
Gleam on the gifted ken;
And then the affrighted prophet's ear
Drinks whispers strange of fate and fear,
Presaging death and ruin near
Among the sons of men; —
Apart from Albyn's war-array,
'T was then gray Allan sleepless lay;

Gray Allan, who, for many a day,
Had followed stout and stern,
Where through battle's rout and reel,
Storm of shot and hedge of steel,
Led the grandson of Lochiel,
Valiant Fassiefern.
Through steel and shot he leads no more,
Low-laid mid friends' and foemen's gore,—
But long his native lake's wild shore,
And Sunart rough, and high Ardgower,
And Morven long shall tell,
And proud Ben Nevis hear with awe,
How, upon bloody Quatre-Bras,
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra
Of conquest as he fell.

Lone on the outskirts of the host,
The weary sentinel held post,
And heard, through darkness far aloof,
The frequent clang of courser's hoof,
Where held the cloaked patrol their course;
And spurred 'gainst storm the swerving horse;
But there are sounds in Allan's ear,
Patrol nor sentinel may hear,
And sights before his eye aghast
Invisible to them have passed,
When down the destined plain
'Twixt Britain and the bands of France,
Wild as marsh-born meteors glance,
Strange phantoms wheeled a revel dance,
And doomed the future slain.

Such forms were seen, such sounds were heard,
When Scotland's James his march prepared
For Flodden's fatal plain;
Such, when he drew his ruthless sword,
As choosers of the slain, adored
The yet unchristened Dane.
An indistinct and phantom band,
They wheeled their ring-dance hand in hand,
With gesture wild and dread;
The seer, who watched them ride the storm,
Saw through their faint and shadowy form
The lightnings flash more red;
And still their ghastly roundelay
Was of the coming battle-fray
And of the destined dead.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

SOUTHWARD from Brussels lies the field of blood,
Some three hours' journey for a well-girt man;
A horseman who in haste pursued his road
Would reach it as the second hour began.
The way is through a forest deep and wide,
Extending many a mile on either side.

No cheerful woodland this of antic trees
With thickets varied and with sunny glade;
Look where he will, the weary traveller sees
One gloomy, thick, impenetrable shade
Of tall straight trunks, which move before his sight,
With interchange of lines of long green light.

Here, where the woods receding from the road
Have left on either hand an open space
For fields and gardens and for man's abode,
Stands Waterloo; a little lowly place,
Obscure till now, when it hath risen to fame,
And given the victory its English name.

Robert Southey.

ON THE DRAWING OF THE ELM-TREE

UNDER WHICH THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON STOOD SEVERAL TIMES DURING THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

IS there one heart that beats on English ground,
One grateful spirit in the kingdoms round;
One who had traced the progress of the foe,
And does not hail the field of Waterloo?
Who o'er that field, if but in thought, has gone,
Without a grateful wish for Wellington?

Within that field of glory rose a tree
(Which a fair hand has given us here to see),
A noble tree, that, pierced by many a ball,
Fell not, — decreed in time of peace to fall:
Nor shall it die unsung; for there shall be
In many a noble verse the praise of thee,
With that heroic chief, — renowned and glorious tree!

Men shall divide thee, and thy smallest part
Shall be to warm and stir the English heart;
Formed into shapes as fancy may design,

In all fair fame and honor shall be thine.
The noblest ladies in the land with joy
Shall own thy value in the slightest toy;
Preserved through life, it shall a treasure prove,
And left to friends, a legacy of love.

And thou, fair semblance of that tree sublime,
Shalt a memorial be to distant time;
Shalt wake a grateful sense in every heart,
And noble thoughts to opening minds impart;
Who shall hereafter learn what deeds were done,
What nations freed by Heaven and Wellington.

Heroic tree we surely this may call, —
Wounded it fell, and numbers mourned its fall;
It fell for many here, but there it stood for all.

George Crabbe.

SONG.

WHEN Napoleon was flying
From the field of Waterloo,
A British soldier, dying,
To his brother bade adieu!

"And take," he said, "this token
To the maid that owns my faith,
With the words that I have spoken
In affection's latest breath."

Sore mourned the brother's heart,
When the youth beside him fell;

But the trumpet warned to part,
And they took a sad farewell.

There was many a friend to lose him,
For that gallant soldier sighed;
But the maiden of his bosom
Wept when all their tears were dried.

Thomas Campbell.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THEY breathe no longer: let their ashes rest!
Clamor unjust and calumny
They stooped not to confute; but flung their breast
Against the legions of your enemy,
And thus avenged themselves: for you they die.

Woe to you, woe! if those inhuman eyes
Can spare no drops to mourn your country's weal;
Shrinking before your selfish miseries;
Against the common sorrow hard as steel:
Tremble! the hand of death upon you lies:
You may be forced yourselves to feel.

But no, — what son of France has spared his tears
For her defenders, dying in their fame?
Though kings return, desired through lengthening years,
What old man's cheek is tinged not with her shame?
What veteran, who their fortune's treason hears,
Feels not the quickening spark of his old youthful flame?

Great Heaven! what lessons mark that one day's page!
What ghastly figures that might crowd an age!
How shall the historic Muse record the day,
Nor, starting, cast the trembling pen away?
Hide from me, hide those soldiers overborne,
Broken with toil, with death-bolts crushed and torn, —
Those quivering limbs with dust defiled,
And bloody corses upon corses piled;
Veil from mine eyes that monument
Of nation against nation spent
In struggling rage that pants for breath;
Spare us the bands thou sparedst, Death!
O Varus! where the warriors thou hast led?
Restore our Legions! — give us back the dead!

I see the broken squadrons reel;
The steeds plunge wild with spurning heel;
Our eagles trod in miry gore;
The leopard standards swooping o'er;
The wounded on their slow cars dying;
The rout disordered, wavering, flying;
Tortured with struggles vain, the throng
Sway, shock, and drag their shattered mass along,
And leave behind their long array
Wrecks, corses, blood, — the footmarks of their way.

Through whirlwind smoke and flashing flame, —
O grief! what sight appalls mine eye? —
The sacred band, with generous shame,
Sole 'gainst an army, pause, — to die!

Struck with the rare devotion, 't is in vain
The foes at gaze their blades restrain,
And, proud to conquer, hem them round; the cry
Returns, "The guard surrender not! — they die!"

'T is said, that, when in dust they saw them lie,
A reverend sorrow for their brave career
Smote on the foe: they fixed the pensive eye,
And first beheld them undisturbed with fear.

See, then, these heroes, long invincible,
Whose threatening features still their conquerors brave;
Frozen in death, those eyes are terrible;
Feats of the past their deep-scarred brows engrave:
For these are they who bore Italia's sun,
Who, o'er Castilia's mountain-barrier passed.
The North beheld them o'er the rampart run,
Which frosts of ages round her Russia cast.
All sank subdued before them, and the date
Of combats owed this guerdon to their glory,
Seldom to Franks denied, — to fall elate
On some proud day that should survive in story.

Let us no longer mourn them; for the palm
Unwithering shades their features stern and calm:
Franks! mourn we for ourselves, — our land's disgrace, —
The proud, mean passions that divide her race.
What age so rank in treasons? to our blood
The love is alien of the common good;
Friendship, no more unbosomed, hides her tears,

And man shuns man, and each his fellow fears;
Scared from her sanctuary, Faith shuddering flies
The din of oaths, the vaunt of perjuries.

O cursed delirium! jars deplored
That yield our home-hearths to the stranger's sword!
Our faithless hands but draw the gleaming blade
To wound the bosom which its point should aid.

The strangers raze our fenced walls;
The castle stoops, the city falls;
Insulting foes their truce forget;
The unsparing war-bolt thunders yet;
Flames glare our ravaged hamlets o'er,
And funerals darken every door;
Drained provinces their greedy prefects rue,
Beneath the lilied or the triple hue;
And Franks, disputing for the choice of power,
Dethrone a banner, or proscribe a flower.
France! to our fierce intolerance we owe
The ills that from these sad divisions flow;
'T is time the sacrifice were made to thee
Of our suspicious pride, our civic enmity:
Haste, — quench the torches of intestine war;
Heaven points the lily as our army's star;
Hoist, then, the banner of the white, — some tears
May bathe the thrice-dyed flag which Austerlitz endears.

France! France! awake, with one indignant mind!
With new-born hosts the throne's dread precinct bind!
Disarmed, divided, conquerors o'er us stand;

Present the olive, but the sword in hand.
And thou, O people, flushed with our defeat,
To whom the mourning of our land is sweet,
Thou witness of the death-blow of our brave!
Dream not that France is vanquished to a slave;
Gall not with pride the avengers yet to come:
Heaven may remit the chastening of our doom;
A new Germanicus may yet demand
Those eagles wrested from our Varus' hand.

Jean-François-Casimir Delavigne. Tr. Anon.

VERSES ON THE DAY OF WATERLOO.

OLD soldiers tell me, "We may thank thy Muse,
That now the People popular songs can sing;
Laugh thou at laurels faction may refuse;
To our exploits again thy numbers string.
Sing of that day, which traitors dared invoke,
That latest day of ruin, though of fame."
I said, my moist eyes drooping as I spoke,
"Ne'er shall my verse be saddened by that name."

In Athens, who of Cheronea's day
Would sing, the whilst his tuneful lyre he swept?
Doubting her gods, crestfallen Athens lay,
And cursing Philip, o'er her fortunes wept.
On such a day our glorious empire fell;
Then, charged with chains for us, the stranger came;
Degenerate Frenchmen deigned to greet him well:
Ne'er shall my verse be saddened by that name.

"Giant of battles, he at length must fall!
Hasten, brave people," cry the despot train;
"Freedom herself shall spread his funeral pall,
And saved by you, by you alone we'll reign."
The giant sinks, — the dwarfs forgetful swear
In slavish yoke the universe to tame;
Alas for Glory! doubly cheated there!
Ne'er shall my verse be saddened by that name.

But hold! the scions of another age
Even now the causes of my grief demand;
Why should this wreck, in truth, their thoughts engage?
Their buoyant cradles floated safe to land.
May they be happy! their ascending star
Of that disastrous day blots out the shame!
Still, were that day but some vain dream afar,
Ne'er should my verse be saddened by its name.

Pierre Jean de Béranger. Tr. William Young.

WATERLOO.

THEY stood upon these plains, and side by side
Did battle for the world, too long enthralled
To the universal tyrant; one was called,
And one was left to cross the homeward tide:
Both in their glory, as in arms allied:
But the loud voice of fame is hushed asleep,
Their sires are gone, no more their widows weep,
Their orphan sons forget them in their pride.
Yet deem not that they sold their lives for naught:
Who, that hath springing in his breast the fount

Of self-devoting love, the cost would count,
So might he in those favored ranks have fought,
Increasing by his single strength's amount
That blessed victory for freedom wrought?

Henry Alford.

Ypres.

THE STATUE IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

I.

IN the market-place of Ypres, three hundred years ago,
A crumbling statue, old, and rent by many a lightning blow,
Stood — sad and stern, and grim and blank — upon its mossy base;
The woes of many centuries were frozen in its face.

It was a Cæsar some men said, and some said Charlemagne,
Yet no one knew when he it aped began or ceased to reign,
Nor who it was, nor what it was, could any rightly say,
For the date upon its pedestal was fretted quite away.

When blue and ghastly moonshine fell, severing the shadows dark,

And stars above were shining out with many a diamond spark,
It used to cast its giant shade across the market square,
And through the darkness and the shine it fixed its stony stare.

'T was said that where its shadow fell on a certain day and year,
An hour at least past midnight, when the moon was up and clear,
Near to that statue's mouldy base, deep hid beneath the ground,
A treasure vast of royal wealth was certain to be found.

Slow round, as round a dial-plate, its sharp dark shadow passed,
On fountain and cathedral roof by turns eclipse it cast;
Before it fled the pale blue light, chased as man's life by death,
And deep you heard the great clock tick, like a sleeping giant's breath.

II.

In that same market-place there lived an alchemist of fame,
A lean and yellow dark-eyed man, Hans Memling was his name;
In scarlet hood and blood-red robe, in crimson vest and gown,
For twenty years, the moonlight through, he 'd sat and watched the town.

Like one flame-lit he used to peer between the mullions there,
As yonder stars shot blessed light through the clear midnight air;
When chessboard-checkered, black and white, part silver and part jet,
The city lay in light and shade, barred with the moon-beams' net.

When gable-ends and pinnacles and twisted chimney-stalks
Rose thick around the market square and its old cloistered walks,
When gurgoyles on the Minster tower made faces at the moon,
The convent gardens were as bright as if it had been noon, —

Memling — the miser alchemist — then left his crimson vials,
His Arab books, his bottled toads, his sulphurous fiery trials,
His red-hot crucibles, and dyes that turned from white to blue,
His silver trees that starry rose the crystal vases through.

The room was piled with ponderous tomes, thick ribbed and silver clasped,
The letters twined with crimson flowers, the covers golden hasped,

With dripping stills and furnaces, whose doors were smouldered black,
With maps of stars and charts of seas lined with untraversed track.

* * *

Slow round, as round a dial-plate, the statue's shadow passed,
On fountain and cathedral roof by turns eclipse it cast,
Before it fled the pale blue light, chased as man's life by death,
Deep, low you heard the great clock tick, like a sleeping giant's breath.

III.

The moonbeams in cascades of light poured from the poplar's crown,
Rippling in silvery lustre the leafy columns down,
They roofed the town-hall fair and bright with bonny silver slates,
They even turned to argent pure the bars of the prison gates.

The maiden slumbering in her bed awoke that blessed night,
And thought her angel sisters three had come all veiled in light;
The wild-beast felon in his cell started and thought it day,
Cursing the torturer who, he dreamt, had chid him for delay.

The angel host of King and Saint, o'er the Minster's
western door,
Shone radiant in the blessed light — so radiant ne'er
before,
As now began the airy chimes in the cathedral tower
To chant, as with a lingering grief, the dirges of the
hour.

That day at sunset there had come a voice unto this
man,
And said as plain as Devil-voice or friendly spirit
can,
"Go, Memling, dig beneath the base of the statue in
the square,
The Secret of all Secrets 's hid beneath the earth-heaps
there."

He shook his hand at stars and moon, then shut his
furnace up,
First draining off a magic draught from an Egyptian
cup,
For he dreamt he saw his room piled full of solid bars
of gold,
Great bags of jewels, diamond-blocks, spoil of the kings
of old.

The fitting hour was just at hand, the alchemist arose;
Upon the eaves the rain-drop tears in ice-jags shining
froze;
His starry lantern duly lit, with cold he crept and
shook,
As with his pickaxe and his spade his stealthy way he
took.

The shadow marked the fitting place, King Saturn ruled
the hour,
The Devil, floating o'er his slave, smiled at his puny
power;
Hans Memling plied his crowbar fast, — the thirteenth
blow he gave,
The ponderous statue fell, and crushed the brains out
of the knave.

Then clear and still the moonshine pure upon the lone
square lay, —
No shadow left to sully it, it spread as bright as day;
At dawn they found Hans Memling, crushed, dead-cold
beneath the stone,
But what he saw and what he found has never yet
been known.

Walter Thornbury.

HOLLAND.

INTRODUCTORY.

HOLLAND.

AS when, impetuous from the snow-heaped Alps,
To vernal suns relenting pours the Rhine;
While, undivided, oft, with wasteful sweep,
He foams along; but through Batavian meads,
Branched into fair canals, indulgent flows;
Waters a thousand fields; and culture, trade,
Towns, meadows, gliding ships, and villas mixed,
A rich, a wondrous landscape rises round.

James Thomson.

HOLLAND.

WHERE the Rhine
Branched out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The then gay land is maddened all to joy.

James Thomson.

HOLLAND.

TO men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile:
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Oliver Goldsmith.

HOLLAND.

IN four days Zealand's coasts appear,
And a wished port we find at Veer.
Thence Middleburgh by land we gain;
Next morn once more we tempt the main;
And soon with joy at Dort arrive,
Whence Maese and Waal unite to drive
With kindred streams invading foes,
And every bold attack oppose.

At Rotterdam, with reverence due;
Erasmus my attention drew;
Then Delft, where thy proud tomb, Nassau,
Claims equal reverence, equal awe!
At Leyden we reposed that night;
And, with the next returning light,
Received the welcome of a pair,
Distinguished by Apollo's care, —
Saumaise and Heinsius, whom the Nine
Have blessed with all their warmth divine!
The public library surveyed,
And anatomic hall, we strayed
Among the choice exotic trees,
And saw whate'er could strangers please.
At Haerlem, our next stage, just fame
For the first printing-press they claim,
And for the ships, with saw-like prows,
Fatal to their Pelusian foes.
To Amsterdam we haste, and there
With looks which heartfelt joy declare,
Choice friends our wished arrival greet;
Bochart and Vossius there we meet,
And (though unmentioned) numbers more,
All bound to Sweden's distant shore.
How pleasant, when abroad we roam,
To find the friends most loved at home!

* * *

To Utrecht then we take our way,
And there to matchless Schurman pay
Our due respects, her sex's pride;
With admiration I descried

The virgin's works of every kind,
The labors of her hands and mind.
Departing thence, at night we meet
With paltry lodgings at Elspeet;
Holm dishes held our rustic cheer,
Straw was our bedding, threshed this year.
From thence next day to Zwoll we went,
Where his long life good Kempis spent,
And still his pious fame survives,
And in his grateful country lives.

Bishop Huet. Tr. J. Duncombe.

LOVE IN WINTER.

I.

"O, LOVE is like the roses,
And every rose shall fall,
For sure as summer closes
They perish, one and all.
Then love, while leaves are on the tree,
And birds sing in the bowers:
When winter comes, too late 't will be
To pluck the happy flowers."

It is a maiden singing,
An ancient girl, in sooth;
The dizzy room is ringing
With her shrill song of youth;
The white keys sob as swift she tries
Each shrill and shrieking scale:

"O, love is like the roses!" cries
This muslined nightingale.

In a dark corner dozing,
I close my eyes and ears,
And call up, while reposing,
A glimpse from other years;
A genre-picture, quaint and Dutch,
I see from this dark seat, —
'T is full of human brightness, such
As makes remembrance sweet.

II.

Flat leagues of endless meadows
(In Holland lies the scene),
Where many pollard-shadows
O'er nut-brown ditches lean;
Gray clouds above that never break,
Mists the pale sunbeams stripe,
With groups of steaming cattle, make
A landscape "after Cuyp."

A windmill, and below it
A cottage near a road,
Where some meek pastoral poet
Might make a glad abode;
A cottage with a garden, where
Prim squares of pansies grow,
And, sitting on a garden-chair,
A dame with locks of snow,

In trim black, trussed and bodiced,
With petticoat of red,
And on her bosom modest
A kerchief white bespread.
Alas! the breast that heaves below
Is shrivelled now and thin,
Though vestal thoughts as white as snow
Still palpitate within.

Her hands are mittened nicely,
And folded on her knee;
Her lips, that meet precisely,
Are moving quietly.
She listens while the dreamy bells
O'er the dark flats intone, —
Now come, now gone, in dying swells
The Sabbath sounds are blown.

Her cheek a withered rose is,
Her eye a violet dim;
Half in her chair she dozes,
And hums a happy hymn.
But soft! what wonder makes her start
And lift her aged head,
While the faint flutterings of her heart
Just touch her cheek with red?

The latch clicks; through the gateway
An aged wight steps slow,
Then pauses, doffing straightway
His broad-brimmed gay chapeau!

Swallow-tailed coat of blue so grand,
With buttons bright beside,
He wears, and in his trembling hand
A nosegay, ribbon-tied.

His thin old legs trip lightly
In breeches of nankeen,
His wrinkled face looks brightly,
So rosy, fresh, and clean:
For old he is and wrinkled plain,
With locks of golden-gray,
And leaning on a tasselled cane
He hobbles on his way.

O skylark, singing over
The silent mill hard by,
To this so happy lover
Sing out with summer cry!
He hears thee, though his blood is cold,
She hears, though deaf and weak;
She stands to greet him, as of old,
A blush upon her cheek.

In springtime they were parted
By some sad wind of woe;
Forlorn and broken-hearted
Each faltered, long ago;
They parted: half a century
Each took the path of pain, —
He lived a bachelor, and she
Was never wooed again.

But when the summer ended,
When autumn, too, was dead,
When every vision splendid
Of youth and hope was fled,
Again these twain came face to face
As in the long ago;
They met within a sunless place
In the season of the snow.

"O, love is like the roses,
Love comes and love must flee!
Before the summer closes
Love's rapture and love's glee!"
O peace! for in the garden there
He bows in raiment gay,
Doffs hat, and with a courtly air
Presents his fond bouquet.

One day in every seven,
While church-bells softly ring,
The happy, silent heaven
Beholds the selfsame thing:
The gay old boy within the gate,
With ribbons at his knee! —
"When winter comes is love too late?"
O Cupid, look and see!

O, talk not of love's rapture,
When youthful lovers kiss;
What mortal sight may capture
A scene so sweet as this?

Beside her now he sits and glows,
  While prim she sits, and proud,
Then, spectacles upon his nose,
  Reads the week's news aloud!

Pure, with no touch of passion,
  True, with no tinge of pain;
Thus, in sweet Sabbath fashion,
  They live their loves again.
She sees in him a happy boy, —
  Swift, agile, amorous-eyed;
He sees in her his own heart's joy, —
  Youth, hope, love, vivified!

Content there he sits smoking
  His long Dutch pipe of wood;
Gossiping oft and joking,
  As a gay lover should.
And oft, while there in company
  They smile for love's sweet sake,
Her snuff-box black she hands, and he
  A grave deep pinch doth take!

There, gravely juvenescent,
  In sober Sabbath joy,
Mingling the past and present,
  They sit, a maid and boy!
"O, love is like the roses!" — No!
  Thou foolish singer, cease!
Love finds his fireside mid the snow,
  And smokes the pipe of peace!

Robert Buchanan.

HOLLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME.

STROPHE.

OURS was a happy lot,
Ere foreign tyrants brought
The servile iron yoke, which bound
Our necks with humbling slavery to the ground.
Once all was confidence and peace; — the just
Might to his neighbor trust;
The common plough turned up the common land,
And Nature scattered joy with liberal hand.
The humble cot of clay
Kept the thick shower, the wind, and hail away.
Upon the frugal board
No luxuries were stored;
But 'neath a forest-tree the table stood, —
A simple plank, unpolished and rude:
Our feasts the wild game of the wood,
And curds and cheese our daily food.
Man, in his early virtues blest,
Slept satisfied on woman's breast,
Who, modest and confiding, saw
In him her lord and love and law.
Then was the stranger and the neighbor each
Welcomed with cordial thoughts and honest speech;
And days flowed cheerful on, as days should flow,
Unmoved by distant or domestic woe.

ANTISTROPHE.

Then was no value set on silver things,
Nor golden stores, nor coin, nor dazzling rings;

They bartered what they had for what they wanted,
And sought no foreign shores, but planted
  Their own low dwellings in their mother land;
  Raised all by their own hand,
And furnisht with whatever man requires
For his moderate desires.
  They had no proud adornings, — were not gilt
  Nor sculptured, — nor in crowded cities built;
But in wide scattered villages they spread
Where stand no friendly lamps above the head:
  Rough and undeckt the simple cot,
  With the rich show of pomp encumbered not.
As when in decorated piles are seen
The bright fruits peeping through the foliage green;
  Bark of the trees and hides of cattle cover
  The lowly hut when storms rage fiercely over;
Man had not learnt the use of stone,
Tiles and cement were all unknown;
  Some place of shelter dug, dark, dreary, far,
  For the dread hour of danger or of war,
When the stray pirate broke on the serene
And cheerful quiet of that early scene.

STROPHE.

  No usurer, then, with avarice' burning thirst,
  His fellow-men had curst;
The coarse-wove flax, the unwrought fleece alone,
On the half-naked sturdy limbs were thrown:
    The daughters married late
    To a laborious fate;

And to their husbands bore a healthy race,
To take their fathers' place.
If e'er dispute or discord dared intrude,
'T was soon, by wisdom's voice, subdued;
The wisest then was called to reign,
The bravest did the victory gain:
The proud were made to feel
They must submit them to the general weal;
For to the proud and high a given way
Was marked, that thence they might not stray; —
And thus was freedom kept alive.
Rulers were taught to strive
For subjects' happiness, and subjects brought
The cheerful tribute of obedient thought;
And 't was indeed a glorious sight
To see them wave their weapons bright:
No venal bands, the murderous hordes of fame;
But freedom's sons, — all armed in freedom's name.

ANTISTROPHE.

No judge outdealing justice in his hate,
Nor in his favor. — Wisdom's train sedate
Of books and proud philosophy
And stately speech, could never needed be,
While they for virtue's counsellings might look
On Nature's open book,
Where bright and free the Godhead's glory falls; —
Not on the imprisoning walls
Of temples; for their temple was the wood, —
The heavens its arch, its aisles were solitude.
And then they sang the praise

Of heroes and the seers of older days:
They never dared to pry
Into the mysteries of the Deity;
They never weighed his schemes, nor judged his will,
But saw his works, and loved and praised him still;
Obeyed in awe, kept pure their hearts within,
For this they knew, — God hates and scourges sin:
Some dreams of future bliss were theirs,
To gild their joys and chase their cares;
And thus they dwelt, and thus they died,
With guardian-freedom at their side,
The happy tenants of a happy soil,
Till came the cruel stranger to despoil.

EPODE.

But, O, that blessed time is past;
The strangers now possess our land;
Batavia is subdued at last,—
Batavia fettered, ruined, banned!
Yes! honor, truth, have taken flight
To seats sublimer, thrones more pure.
Look, Julius! from thy throne of light,
See what thy Holland's sons endure;
Thy children still are proud to claim
Their Roman blood, their source from thee;
Friends, brothers, comrades, bear the name, —
Desert them not in misery!
Terror and power and cruel wrong
Have a free people's bliss undone;
Too harsh their sway, their rule too long.

Arouse thee from thy cloudy throne;
And if thou hate disgrace and crime,
Recall, recall departed time.

Joost van den Vondel. Tr. John Bowring.

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE.

THE good dame looked from her cottage
At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
Outside the door at play:
"Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
Across the dike, for me;
And take these cakes I made for him, —
They are hot and smoking yet;
You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set."

* * *

And now, with his face all glowing,
And eyes as bright as the day
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
He trudged along the way;
And soon his joyous prattle
Made glad a lonesome place, —
Alas! if only the blind old man
Could have seen that happy face!
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
Which his voice and presence lent;

And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
Shading her anxious eyes;
And saw the shadows deepen,
And birds to their homes come back,
But never a sign of Peter
Along the level track.
But she said: "He will come at morning,
So I need not fret or grieve, —
Though it is n't like my boy at all
To stay without my leave."
But where was the child delaying?
On the homeward way was he,
And across the dike while the sun was up
An hour above the sea.
He was stopping now to gather flowers,
Now listening to the sound,
As the angry waters dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound,
"Ah! well for us," said Peter,
"That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
Or they would not hold you long!
"You 're a wicked sea," said Peter;
"I know why you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes;
But our sluices keep you safe!"

But hark! through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
And the child's face pales with terror,
And his blossoms drop to the ground.
He is up the bank in a moment,
And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, boyish hand.
'T is a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes;
But, young as he is, he has learned to know
The dreadful thing that means.
A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.
And the boy! He has seen the danger,
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm!
He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh:
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.
And he hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,

Save the echo of his call.
He sees no hope, no succor,
His feeble voice is lost;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
Though he perish at his post!

So, faintly calling and crying
Till the sun is under the sea;
Crying and moaning till the stars
Come out for company;
He thinks of his brother and sister,
Asleep in their safe warm bed;
He thinks of his father and mother,
Of himself as dying, — and dead;
And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at last:
But he never thinks he can leave the place
Where Duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yester-eve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before!

"He is dead!" she cries; "my darling!"
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears:
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife,—
"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life!"
So, there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy;
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

'T is many a year since then; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy can do
Who is brave and true and good.
For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
Whose courage saved the land.
They have many a valiant hero,
Remembered through the years;
But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears.
And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
And told to the child on the knee,
So long as the dikes of Holland
Divide the land from the sea!

Phœbe Cary.

HOLLAND.

Amsterdam.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF AMSTERDAM.

ILLUSTRIOUS men! who bade the world's eighth wonder rise,
Lifting its crown of stone sublimely to the skies;
Whose splendid walls are reared by skill's unerring hand,
To use, the end, the source of all that's rich and grand;
May God, who gave you power to mingle good with show,
Within that stately pile his favoring smiles bestow,
That ye to all the world may prove what men ye are;
And peace be ever there, and misery banished far.
But if it be ordained, when years have rolled away,
That e'en these marble walls must crumble and decay;
And if it be by Heaven, in future times, decreed,
That to your wondrous work another must succeed, —
May God, your fathers' God, — may God, your children's father,

Beneath his shadowing wings those children kindly gather,
And give them an abode, when ye from earth have past,
As much excelling this as this excels the last!

Constantijn Huijgens. Tr. John Bowring.

THE BURGOMASTER.

ONCE, in old Amsterdam, as noon
Shone over noisy dock and square,
And sluggish stretch of still lagoon,
A wealthy barge, well-oared and fleet,
Slid smoothly down the watery street,
With pennon streaming in the air;
And by its stern a merchant old, —
With raisin-colored cap, and chain
That crossed his garment's velvet fold, —
With clear brown eye of wrinkled glee,
And cheek still red, though tropic-tanned
With voyage, — full-veined, courteous hand,
And air of antique bonhommie, —
Sat calmly; for that day his brain
Forgot awhile the fight for gold,
And all his ventures on the main.

"Good master, whither shall we row?"
It was the bluff old steersman spoke.
The merchant turned: "To-day, good folk,
I mean to pass all leisurely
With Meister Rembrandt, whom I know, —

A famous portrait-painter he,
Late come from Leyden, as they tell,
To fill his purse with us, and dwell
In our old town a year or so:
Fair be his chances with us; well
His craft deserves of all: for me,
I hail his presence joyously;
For, as the sands of life will pass,
However tight we grasp the glass,
'T is time, methinks, that my old Hall
Should wear my picture on its wall.
What think you?" "God withhold the day!"
The oarsmen echoed one and all,
"That takes that kindly face away."

"Yet must it come." The rowers swept
In silence down; broad flashed the sun
Along the glittering path that spun
In whirls behind: by wharf and quay,
With cask and bale redundant heaped,
Tall merchant-barques at moorings lay,
With streamers floating from each mast;
Groups gathered in the leafy screen
Of summer tree rows, dusty green;
And busy bridges, as they passed,
Gloomed o'er them for a second's space;
Now oped some quaint wide market-place,
All bustle, glare, and merchant talk,
And heaped with motley merchant ware;
Now some cathedral's gilded clock
Sprinkled its chimes through the clear air,

Merrily ringing o'er their way,
As it were making holiday.

At length the river broadened forth,
And sunk the noisy town behind,
And swept the breezy billows by,
Fresh foaming from the distant sky,
Where hosted shipping round the North,
Full breasted in the steady wind,
Came courtesying along the sea
From the blue spacing Zuyder-Zee.
In slanting drifts the city's smoke
Curtained the sinking spires, and o'er
The sidelong stretch of shelving shore
In bursts the sunlit surges broke;
Upon each passing headland's height
Fantastic windmills quaint and brown
Whirred busily; and, poised in light,
The gull with red eye peering down:
Thus on, until at length they reached
A watery suburb, where they beached.

Above them, girt by gnarled trees,
Arose an antique mansion, tall
And lonely; down each mouldering wall,
Jutted with drowsy balconies,
Dim trailers drooping from the eaves,
Hooded with glossy ivy leaves,
O'er gable quaint and window small
Festooned their wind-swung draperies.
Around its portal gray the sun

Played slumbrously, and swooned the air
Up from the glimmering lowland there,
In languid pulses; while upon
Its tortuous stairs of aged stone
The sea-sand gathered in each nook, —
The flaggers waved, the salt grass shook.

Into its hall the merchant paced,
And from his sunny doze, beside
A window looking o'er the tide,
A quaint old varlet rose in haste;
And, bowing brows of scattered gray,
Along the creaking dusty floors
And through the echoing corridors
And noiseless chambers led the way:
The room is reached, the lock is turned,
The painter flings his brush aside,
And by the lamp's red glow, that burned
Beside his picture, sees the friend
Of vanished summers o'er him bend;
While hands are clasped, and on each brow
Dead memories kindle, as they say,
In cordial chorus, "Well, and how —
How hast thou been this many a day?"

"'T is twenty years since we have met,"
The burgomaster cried; "and yet
As hale and hearty, God be blessed,
Are we as when, in summers past,
We gave our life-sail to the blast.
What matters it, if silvered brows

Bring golden purses, and our thrift
Secures us plenty as we drift
To harbor in the sunless west?
Mine are the merchant's views of time;
Content to pass my day in trade,
Content at night if I have made
The means to entertain a guest:
A narrow view, a sordid strife,
More selfish, comrade, than sublime
This same, — and your good years, I trow,
Are kindled with a nobler glow."

* * *

Dark is the chamber, though 't is day;
Curtained and lighted from the blue
By one thin streaming ray that through
The domed roof falls splendrously:
Unlike the gloried studios
By Tiber's yellow wave, or where,
Through alder rows and banks aglare,
The sunny rippled Arno flows.
No Grecian bust or statue shows
Its pure ideal outline there;
No Cupid smiles, no Venus glows
Voluptuous languors through the air;
But duskily the light streams o'er
Rich turbans tumbled on the floor.
Around the stretch of shadowing walls,
Gloomy as Eblis' palace halls,
Hang garbs of many a distant land.
Great giant armor, casque and brand,
Inlaid with subtlest traceries,

Send forth a dim uncertain sheen
Beneath the skirt of ebon palls,
Swart cowls, and Jewish gabardine,
Long Moorish cloaks, and Persian shawls:
Nor there of instruments of pain
And iron anguish, screw and rack
Blood-rusted, seemed there any lack;
While draped across a mirror's disk
The cincture of some Odalisque
Glimmered amid a motley train
Of skins, and mighty ocean bones,
And plumages from burning zones,
Skulls, shells, and arid skeletons,
O'erstrewn with aureate draperies.

Then for a time the painter dashed
His canvas o'er with many a hue;
Broad shadow-masses fell, and flashed
The keen lights over lip and eye,
As glowingly and steadily
The face beneath his pencil grew;
Through the half-open curtain slid
The silent lights, and sunnily
Without the casement voyaged the bee
With busy hum along, or hid
In wallflowers streaked with gold and brown;
The skylark o'er the island sang;
Till faintly from the distant town
The bell through smoky steeples rang
The hour of silent afternoon.

* * *

Anonymous.

Delft.

HUGO DE GROOT.

DELFT! envy not the Maese, — let her Erasmus claim:
De Groot is great as he, — his glorious end and aim
Were Holland's happiness; but discord would not heed,
And unity was lost in difference of creed.
Could Holland's provinces have shared his noble mind,
United Netherland had still remained combined.

Gerald Brandt. Tr. John Bowring.

Dort (Dortrecht).

A DUTCH PICTURE.

SIMON DANZ has come home again,
From cruising about with his buccaneers;
He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,
And carried away the Dean of Jaen
And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maese, with its roof of tiles,
And weather-cocks flying aloft in air,
There are silver tankards of antique styles,
Plunder of convent and castle, and piles
Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the town,
  Overlooking the sluggish stream,
With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown
The old sea-captain, hale and brown,
  Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his gray mustachio lurks
  Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain,
And the listed tulips look like Turks,
And the silent gardener as he works
  Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost
  Verge of the landscape in the haze,
To him are towers on the Spanish coast,
With whiskered sentinels at their post,
  Though this is the river Maese.

But when the winter rains begin,
  He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,
And old sea-faring men come in,
Goat-bearded, gray, and with double chin,
  And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine
  Of the flickering fire of the winter night;
Figures in color and design
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,
  Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of their ventures lost or won,
  And their talk is ever and ever the same,
While they drink the red wine of Tarragon,

From the cellars of some Spanish Don,
Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy strides
He paces his parlor to and fro;
He is like a ship that at anchor rides,
And swings with the rising and falling tides,
And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,
Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,
Are calling and whispering in his ear,
"Simon Danz! Why stayest thou here?
Come forth and follow me!"

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again
For one more cruise with his buccaneers,
To singe the beard of the king of Spain,
And capture another Dean of Jaen
And sell him in Algiers.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Hoorn.

THE SHIPS OF HOORN.

TO heroes Hoorn has given birth,
And gallant souls to man her fleets;
The produce of her faithful earth

In distant lands a market meets.
Where'er the moon on far-off lands
Her silvery light benignly sheds,
There, countless as the yellow sands,
The ships of Hoorn her commerce spreads.

Joost van den Vondel. Tr. Annie Wood.

Leyden.

ROBINSON AT LEYDEN.

HE sleeps not here; in hope and prayer
His wandering flock had gone before,
But he, the shepherd, might not share
Their sorrows on the wintry shore.

Before the Speedwell's anchor swung,
Ere yet the Mayflower's sail was spread,
While round his feet the Pilgrims clung,
The pastor spake, and thus he said: —

"Men, brethren, sisters, children dear!
God calls you hence from over sea;
Ye may not build by Haerlem Meer,
Nor yet along the Zuyder-Zee.

"Ye go to bear the saving word
To tribes unnamed and shores untrod:

Heed well the lessons ye have heard
From those old teachers taught of God.

"Yet think not unto them was lent
All light for all the coming days,
And Heaven's eternal wisdom spent
In making straight the ancient ways:

"The living fountain overflows
For every flock, for every lamb,
Nor heeds, though angry creeds oppose,
With Luther's dike or Calvin's dam."

He spake: with lingering, long embrace,
With tears of love and partings fond,
They floated down the creeping Maas,
Along the isle of Ysselmond.

They passed the frowning towers of Briel,
The "Hook of Holland's" shelf of sand,
And grated soon with lifting keel
The sullen shores of fatherland.

No home for these! too well they knew
The mitred king behind the throne;
The sails were set, the pennons flew,
And westward ho! for worlds unknown.

And these were they who gave us birth,
The Pilgrims of the sunset wave,
Who won for us this virgin earth,
And freedom with the soil they gave.

The pastor slumbers by the Rhine, —
In alien earth the exiles lie, —
Their nameless graves our holiest shrine,
His words our noblest battle-cry!

Still cry them, and the world shall hear,
Ye dwellers by the storm-swept sea!
Ye have not built by Haerlem Meer,
Nor on the land-locked Zuyder-Zee!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Rotterdam.

TO ——.

COMPOSED AT ROTTERDAM.

I GAZE upon a city, —
A city new and strange,
Down many a watery vista
My fancy takes a range;
From side to side I saunter,
And wonder where I am;
And can you be in England,
And I at Rotterdam?

Before me lie dark waters
In broad canals and deep,
Whereon the silver moonbeams
Sleep, restless in their sleep;

A sort of vulgar Venice
Reminds me where I am;
Yes, yes, you are in England,
And I 'm at Rotterdam.

Tall houses with quaint gables,
Where frequent windows shine,
And quays that lead to bridges
And trees in formal line,
And masts of spicy vessels
From western Surinam,
All tell me you 're in England,
But I 'm in Rotterdam.

Those sailors, how outlandish
The face and form of each!
They deal in foreign gestures,
And use a foreign speech;
A tongue not learned near Isis,
Or studied by the Cam,
Declares that you 're in England,
And I 'm at Rotterdam.

And now across a market
My doubtful way I trace,
Where stands a solemn statue,
The Genius of the place;
And to the great Erasmus
I offer my salaam;
Who tells me you 're in England,
But I 'm at Rotterdam.

The coffee-room is open, —
I mingle in its crowd, —
The dominos are noisy, —
The hookahs raise a cloud;
The flavor now of Fearon's,
That mingles with my dram,
Reminds me you 're in England,
And I 'm at Rotterdam.

Then here it goes, a bumper, —
The toast it shall be mine.
In schiedam, or in sherry,
Tokay, or hock of Rhine;
It well deserves the brightest,
Where sunbeam ever swam, —
"The Girl I love in England"
I drink at Rotterdam!

Thomas Hood.

THE GUEUX NIGHT-WATCH.

THE title of *Gueux* (beggars) was given to the allied noblemen and other insurgents of the Netherlands in 1655, when Philip II. sent his nine inquisitors there to enforce the decrees of the Council of Trent. The nobles refused to appear before them, and in solemn procession made known their resolution to Margaret of Parma, then at the head of the government. Seeing her embarrassed, the Earl of Barlaimont whispered to her, that she need have no fear of such a *tas de gueux*, — such a pack of beggars. This being overheard by the confederates, they assumed as a title of honor the name given them in contempt.

AT the tapster's by the river,
Just out of Rotterdam,
In buff and feathered beaver,
They 're hard at flask and dram;

The troop are bound for Flushing,
And start ere day shall break;
With singing and with lushing
'T is best to keep awake.

The Maes will bear; unruffled
Snow shines on creek and shore:
Well in his mantle muffled,
The sentry guards the door.
To stand the sleety breeze in,
No trooper loves, perdy;
"The devil take this freezing,
Your 'upsee-frieze' for me!"

To warm the watch, they now are
Loud chorusing inside;
"Brave William the Nassauer
Am I, a German tried.
As Prince of Orange, truly
My birthright free I gain;
And still have honored duly
The while the King of Spain."

Against the window stooping,
He peeps within the house;
There 's song, and toast, and whooping;
There 's talking of the cause
For which they 're armed and herded,
And sworn to die at need:
The sturdy warriors bearded
Harangue and feud and plead.

Around the room paraded
The bulky barrels shine;
By buxom wenches aided,
The hostess serves the wine.
For cap, a garnish warlike
Of gilded foil is worn:
'T is thus the Holland fair like
Their temples to adorn.

From board to board the labor
The busy household plies;
The troopers sit, the sabre
Between their booted thighs.
And if the plume with powder
Embrowned their beavers wear,
They cock them but the prouder
Above their yellow hair.

And gay they swing the beaver;
The wine springs foaming high;
"The Gueux, the Gueux forever!"
Full thirty voices cry.
And when the flask grows dry-lipped,
And emptied is the cup,
With rim adroitly filliped
They turn the glasses up.

That makes a famous ringing!
Each glass becomes a bell
To toll amidst their singing
The King's and Alva's knell.

Thereat each trooper seizes
Unconsciously his sword,
And still the song increases,
Till thus afar 't is heard:

"Up! up, ye seventeen provinces!
Up, nations, to your feet!
Our first of worthy princes
With hearty welcome greet.
Let each, like gallant freemen,
Beside his banner stand,
And help to start the demon,
Black Alva, from the land.

"He brings you no oppression;
He comes to right your wrong,
And help you to possession
Of what you 've lost too long.
Each king of Spain's adherent
Give succor to his choice;
For Orange, his lieutenant,
For William, raise your voice!

"Enlist! His drums and trumpets
Proclaim no treacheries!"
"They stick to the board like limpets!"
The sergeant grumbling cries.
"To horse! 't is time we 're making
At once for Count Lumé;
And were the dawn not breaking,
The snow would light our way!"

They cease to bang the tables;
"Hark! calls the sentinel?"
Their chargers from the stables
Led out, they spring to selle,
Fast through the frosty morning
Trot o'er the ringing ground;
From Rotte's sluices turning
For Scheldt the troop is bound.

Ferdinand Freiligrath. Tr. F. R. Chorley.

Stavoren.

THE LADY RIBERTA'S HARVEST.

IN the days of eld there was wont to be,
On the jagged coast of the Zuyder-Zee,
A city from whence broad galleons went
To distant island and continent,
To lands that under the tropics lay,
Ind and the fabled far Cathay,
To gather from earth and sea and air
All that was beautiful, rich, and rare.
And back they voyaged so laden full
With fairy fabrics from old Stamboul,
With pungent woods that breathed out balms,
With broidered stuffs from the realm of palms,
With shawls from the marts of Ispahan,
With marvellous lacquers from strange Japan,
That through this traffic on many a sea

So grand did its merchants grow to be,
That even Venetian lords became
Half covetous of the city's fame.

The Lady Riberta's fleet was great,
And year by year it had brought such store
Of treasures, until in her queenly state
There scarcely sufficed her room for more.
Her feasts — no prince in the realms around
Had service so rich or food so fine,
As daily her carven tables crowned;
And proud she was of her luscious cates,
And her rare conserves, and her priceless wine,
And her golden salvers and golden plates:
For all that the sea or shore could bring
Was hers for the fairest furnishing.

It fell one day, that a stranger came
In garb of an Eastern sage arrayed,
Commended by one of noble name:
He had traversed many a clime, he said,
And, whithersoever he went, had heard
Of the Lady Riberta's state, that so
In his heart a secret yearning stirred
To find if the tale were true or no.
At once the Lady Riberta's pride
Upsprang, and into her lordly hall
She led the stranger, and at her side
She bade him be seated in sight of all.

Silver and gold around him gleamed,
The daintiest dishes before him steamed;

The rarest of fish and flesh and bird,
Fruits all flushed with the tropic sun,
Nuts whose names he had never heard,
Were offered: the stranger would have none;
Nor spake he in praise a single word.
"Doth anything lack?" with chafe, at last,
The hostess queried, "from the repast?"
Gravely the guest then gave reply:
"Lady, since thou dost question, I,
Daring to speak the truth alway,
Even in such a presence, say
Something is wanting: I have sate
Oft at the tables of rich and great,
Nor seen such viands as these; but yet,
I marvel me much thou shouldst forget
The world's one best thing; for 't is clear,
Whatever beside, it is not here."

"Name it," the lady flashed, "and naught
Will I grudge of search till the best is brought."
But never another word the guest
Uttered, as soothly he waived aside
Her question, that in the heat of pride,
Mindless of courtesy, still she pressed.
And when from her grand refection hall
They fared from their feasting, one and all,
Again with a heightened tone and air
To the guest she turned, but no guest was there.
"I 'll have it," she stamped, "whatever it be;
I 'll scour the land, and I 'll sweep the sea,
Nor ever the tireless quest resign
Till I know the world's one best thing mine!"

Once more were the white-sailed galleons sent
To far-off island and continent,
In search of the most delicious things
That ever had whetted the greed of kings:
But none of the luxuries that they brought,
Seemed quite the marvel the Lady sought.

At length from his latest voyage back
Sailed one of her captains: he told her how
Wild weather had driven him from his track,
And his vessel had sprung aleak, till bow
And stern were merged, and a rime of mould
Had mossed the flour within the hold,
And nothing was left but wine and meat,
Through weary weeks, for the crew to eat,
"Then the words of the stranger rose," he said,
"And I felt that the one best thing was bread:
And so, for a cargo, I was fain
Thereafter to load my ships with grain."

The Lady Riberta's wrath outsprang
Like a sword from its sheath, and her keen voice rang
Sharp as a lance-thrust: "Get thee back
To the vessels, and have forth every sack,
And spill in the sea thy curséd store,
Nor ever sail with my galleons more!"

The people who hungered for daily bread
Prayed that to them in their need, instead,
The grain might be dealt; but she heeded none,
Nor rested until the deed was done.

The months passed on, and the harvest sown
In the furrows of deep sea-fields had grown
To a forest of slender stalks, — a wide
Strong net to trap whatever the tide
Drew on in its wake, — the drift and wreck
Of many a shattered mast and deck,
And all the tangle of weeds there be
Afloat in the trough of the plunging sea.

Until, as the years went by, a shoal
Of sand had tided a sunken mole
Across the mouth of the port, that so
The galleys were foundered; and to and fro
No longer went forth: and merchants sought
Harbors elsewhere for the stores they brought.
The Lady Riberta's ships went down
In the offing; the city's old renown
Faded and fled with its commerce dead,
And the Lady Riberta begged for bread.

The hungry billows with rage and roar
Have broken the ancient barriers o'er,
And bitten their way into the shore,
And where such traffic was wont to be
The voyager now can only see
The spume and fret of the Zuyder-Zee.

Margaret J. Preston.

Scheveningen.

THE VILLAGE OF SCHEVENINGEN.

A STARTLING sound by night was heard,
From the Scheveningen coast;
Like vultures in their clamorous flight,
Or the trampling of a host.

It broke the sleepers' heavy rest,
With harsh and threatening cry;
Storm was upon the lonely sea!
Storm on the midnight sky!

The slumberers started up from sleep,
Like spectres from their graves;
Then — burst a hundred voices forth:
"The waves! — the waves! — the waves!"

The strong-built dikes lay overthrown:
And on their deadly way,
Like lions, came the mighty seas,
Impatient for their prey!

Like lions came the mighty seas, —
O, vision of despair! —
Mid ruins of their falling homes,
The blackness of the air.

Jesu! it was a fearful hour!
The elemental strife,

Howling above the shrieks of death, —
The struggling groans for life!

Fathers beheld the hastening doom
With stern, delirious eye;
Wildly they looked around for help, —
No help, alas! was nigh.

Mothers stood trembling with their babes,
Uttering complaints, in vain;
No arm but the Almighty arm
Might stem that dreadful main!

No mercy, no relapse, no hope, —
That night the tempest-tost
Saw their paternal homes engulfed, —
Lost! O, forever lost!

Again the blessed morning light
In the far heavens shone;
But where the pleasant village stood,
Swept the dark floods alone!

Charles Swain.

Zutphen.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

THE height of Sidney's deed upon this field
Rises so high that all the world can see;
Self-abnegating grace has here revealed
How godlike in his suffering man may be.

What blessed immortality he quaffed,
When, all his parching agonies denied,
From his own lips he sent the untouched draught
To him who likewise languished at his side!

Arcadia's beauty still is fresh to-day,
And knightly fame that charmed the Virgin Queen,
But Zutphen lifts him higher still than they,
And gives his memory the brightest green!

Charlotte F. Bates.

THE END.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 09939 180 5